





Mrs. Bunting

Mrs. Bunting

In a small city in the U.S., stands a nursing school, which upon ones first impression seems like any other. As freshmen we marched into a certain classroom weekly to understand and learn the fundamentals of the profession we chose. Entering the classroom we noticed that the physical setup was of the usual cold educational facilities. The coal-like blackboard hung in the foreground and the sturdy oak desks, with its carved initials of past and present students, seemed to stand at attention in the middle of the room.

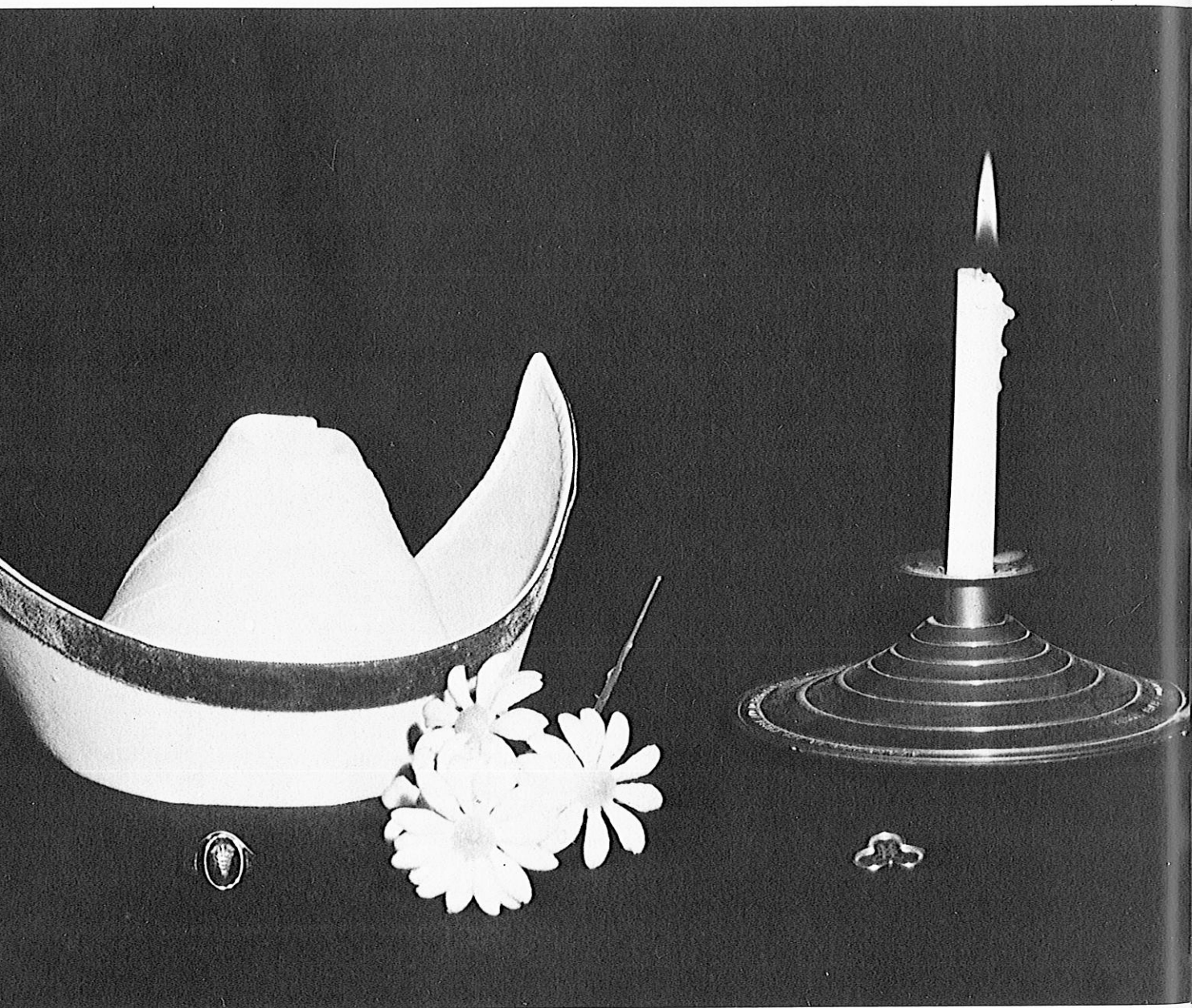
In this room existed a spirit of understanding which overpowered the coldness of the room. This spirit seemed to pour forth from the figure in the front of the room, Mrs. Bunting. We students, have found many times in her a mother, wise and strong in her devotion. The factual substance of nursing has little or no value on the learner, if that figure in the front of the room has no interest or understanding of his needs. Many times our college work seemed to accumulate at the same time that we had to study for a nursing examination, or work extra in the hospital for that needed vital experience. If it wasn't for the coaching of Mrs. Bunting, many Vassar Hospital students today wouldn't be striving for the nursing profession. She didn't just pour forth meaningless words of plastic encouragement, but she tried to correlate her past experiences of discouragement with that of ours.

She has a unique feeling for patients. Stressing that a patient is an individual person with his many needs, and not the cancer patient in room 375, was one of her many repetitious points pertaining to the psychology of a patient. Little did we know that the extra time we took to help and understand the patient was far worth all the treasures of the world when the patient paid us with a smile.

When we ponder the fact that we are leaving school in a brief span of time to be responsible nurses on our own, a sadness overcomes us for a moment. The sadness is soon overpowered by happiness, when we realize that her spirit of understanding will perpetually live in her students and be handed down to future generations to come, and with this thought we dedicate our book.



I solemnly pledge myself before God, and in the presence of this assembly
To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.
I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will
not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.
I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standards of



my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor myself to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



MR. LOUIS BREGLIA
ADMINISTRATOR

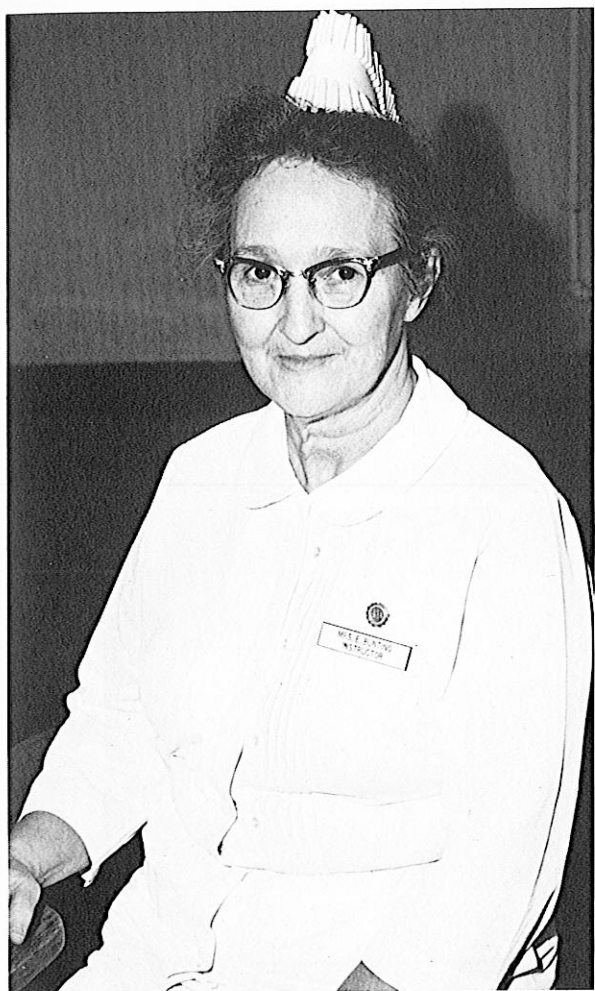
MISS E. MAYHAN
DIRECTOR
OF
EDUCATION





MRS. B. SMITH
CLASS
ADVISOR





MRS. E. BUNTING



MRS. CAMPBELL

MRS. M. MONTROSS

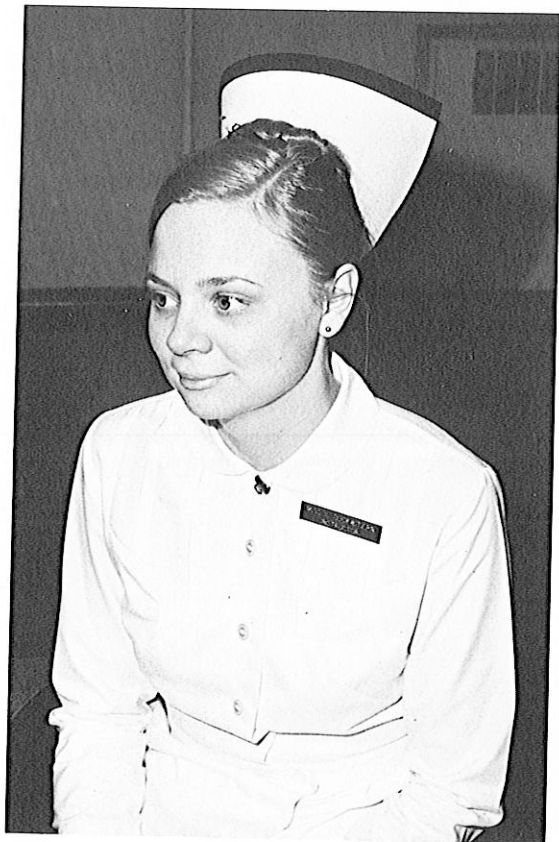


MISS S. WEED

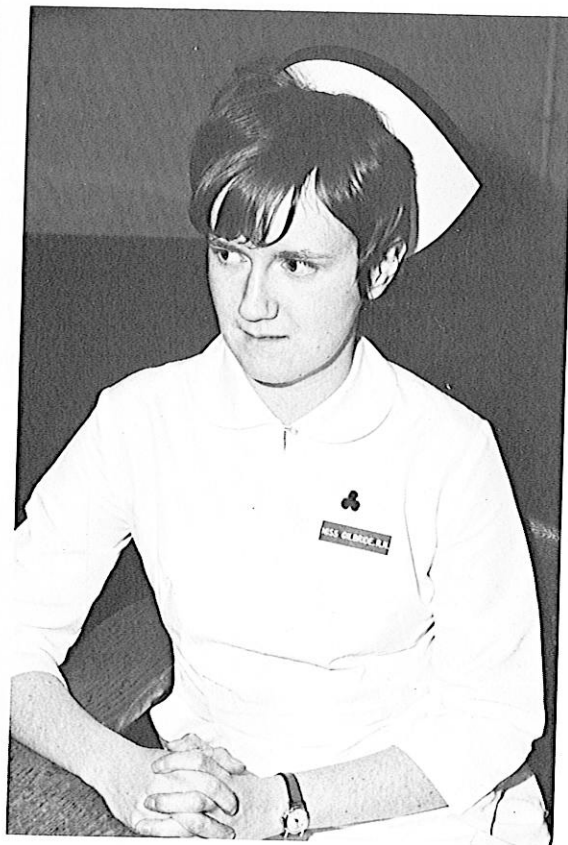


MRS. R. COLTON





MISS L. DUCKWITZ



MISS A. GILBRIDE



MRS. K. BLONDER

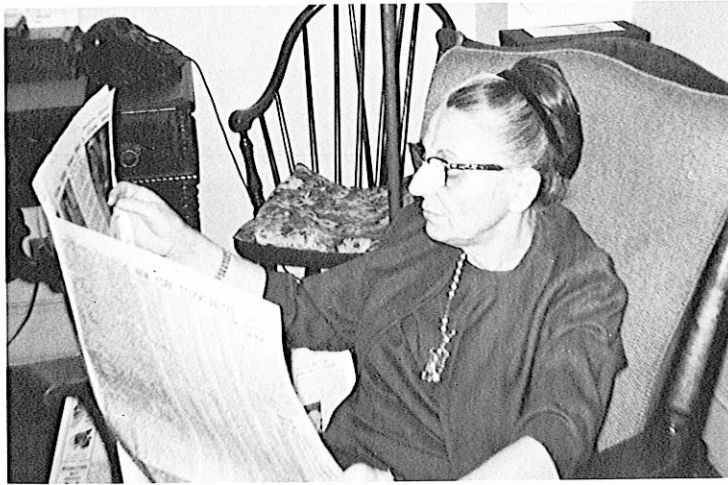


MISS WEISNER



MISS SCEREBINI

MRS. E. HENNING



MRS. M. PETERY



MISS LASHER



MRS. SMITH



MRS. CRUGER



MRS. PALMER





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Prayer

Lord make me an instrument of
Thy peace ; Where there is hatred,
let me sow love ; Where there is
doubt , faith ; Where there is despair,
hope ; Where there is darkness, light ;
and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master grant that I may
not so much seek to be consoled,
as to console ; to be understood , as to
understand ; to be loved , as to love ; for
it is in giving that we receive it is in
pardoning that we are pardoned , and it
is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

St. Francis



Class Song

"Less of Me"

"Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me
Let me praise a little more

Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery
Think a little more of others
And a little less of me

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be

Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me

Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery
Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for

Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker
Think a little more of others
And a little less of me."

Written by Glenn Campbell. (C)1965, Beechwood
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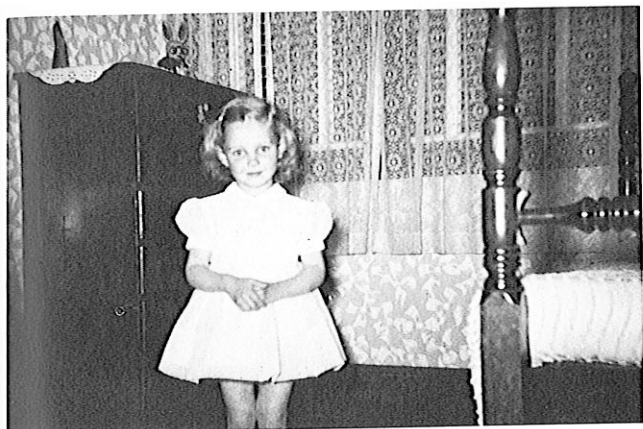
Barbara Emerick



B.J. . . . Barb . . . twinkle toes . . . cousin It . . . quiet smile . . . sleeps through Suzie's stereo . . . mad spaghetti parties . . . head nurse on South 5 . . . movie-goer . . . Pleasure Yacht . . . true diplomat . . . Cindy's consultant . . . Cool, calm, and collected.

Little B.J. came here scraping the sky with all of her five feet. During her two years of struggling to reach the thermometers on the top shelf she's had no trouble in reaching those high grades that have attained for her the major goal—her diploma. Now B.J. plans to stay on at VBH and show them that quantity and quality don't always go hand in hand. After boards, who knows, this little giant can always get what she wants.

Sharen Grammas

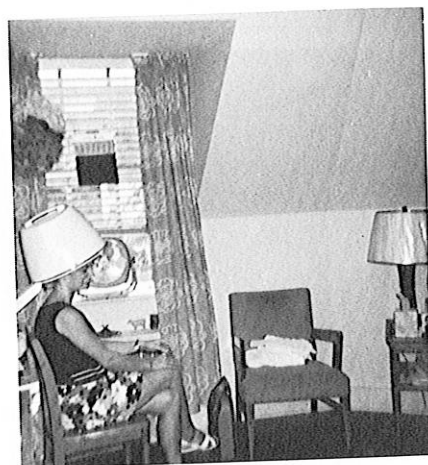


Sharen . . . Niagara Falls . . . Canada . . . love on a roof top . . . \$24 worth of food . . . Jerry and his buck private Sharen . . . blue eyes . . . room service . . . shy classmate . . .

Shy Sharen was wed to her high school honey in May and had the classical honeymoon every girl dreams of—Niagara Falls. In the coming years Sharen will be following her hubbie across the nation as he fulfills his American duty.



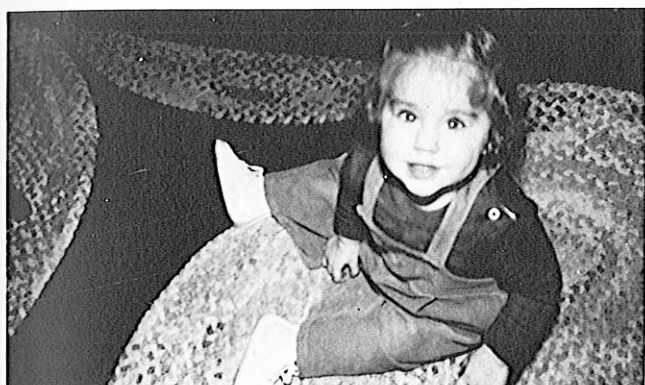
Mary Hamilton



Bird . . . Mary . . . dinners at the Hook . . . surprise party at South End . . . 10 pound weights . . . Jerry . . . shopping lists . . . "J.C.—He'll be here at 5!" . . . quackers . . . IBM's pinup . . . daiquiri . . . sitting in the bushes . . . don't tell me that's a plumber . . . VaVaVaVoom . . . Circle 2 meds . . . Stony Point.

With a blue-eyed blank stare and a few well chosen words, Mary can confuse the simplest of matters. But one thing—there's no confusion about Jerry and her future plans include marriage in '71, a home in Pine Plains and industrial nursing.

Marsha Heintz

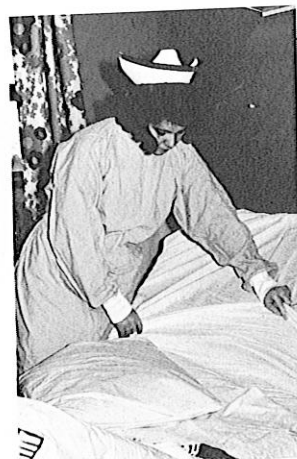


Marsh . . . friendly showers . . . St. Pat's pea . . . 4 o'clock playtime . . . stupid student nurse . . . Colorado, Florida, Connecticut arrangements . . . teeth . . . 3 am visitor . . . stick 'em up . . . beer on the Hudson . . . birthday walk . . . grounded on the lawn . . . another collage? . . . stock in AT&T . . . CC!

This "Ivory Snow" blonde flits, flirts and flames. String along with Marsh is the name of the game. Marsha should be the hostess at VBH since she knows just about every patient in the hospital. Marsh plans to head for the Golden Gate Bridge after graduation.



Pamela Kerr



Pammi . . . John, John, John . . . ship exchanges . . . diamond chip . . . engagement present from friends! . . . darkroom dilly . . . leaky ceiling . . . "Where's Pammi?" . . . penthouse parties . . . desert boots . . . that doctor . . .

Pam's world does and always will revolve around the life of a certain Mr. John Bilcheck. Although not much for water sports, Pam's heart has been traveling around the ocean long enough and a wedding is in the near future. Moms Kerr has become one of the girls also and a special thanks to her.

Theresa Marino



Terri ... Feet ... Snort ... Ichabod ... Mets ... supervisor with red and black ribbons ... Oh dee-doy-dee-doy-dee-doy ... Dutchess Inn ... Don't sweat it, Marino ... Guinea ... serum hepatitis ... 3rd floor underdog ... handkerchief head.

For many of our graduates wedding bells are anxiously waiting in the background and Feet is one of those lucky ones—October to be more specific. Then it's a conveniently located home hospital or a more daring plunge—the great White Plains General. Terri got her man, now getting a job will be the easy part and then come the bambinos.



Suzanne
MacDonald



Suzanne . . . "Are they here yet?" . . . MacDonald's is MY kind of place . . . infectious laugh . . . I want a man . . . every woman has to be a red head once in her life . . . "Are you going to supper tonight?" . . . love beads galore . . .

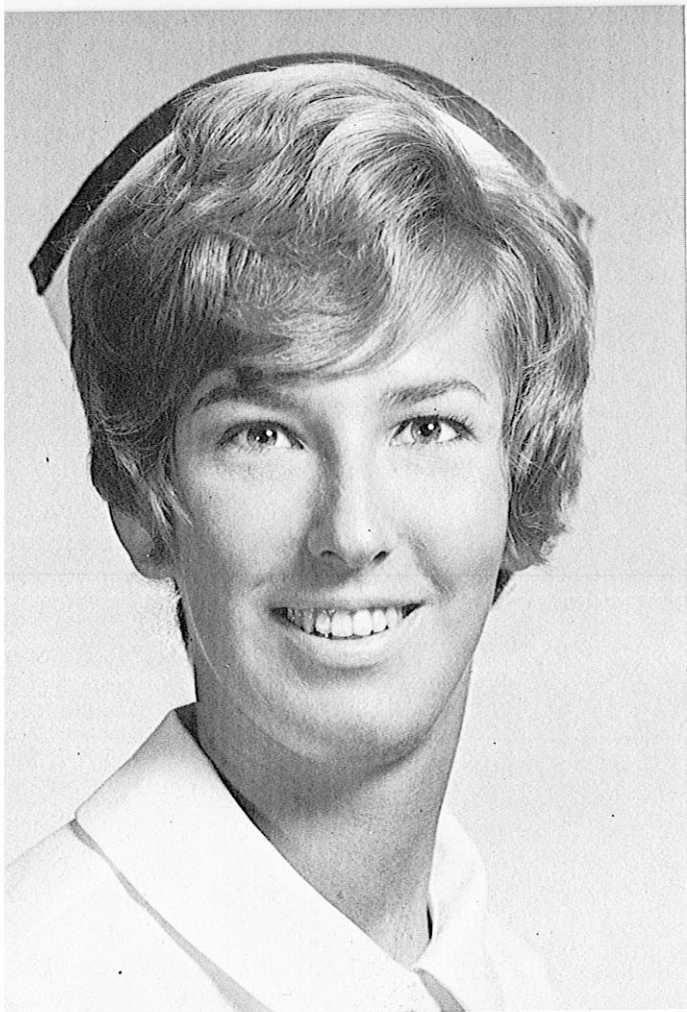
Down to earth, bubbling laugh, dash of flaming red hair, and a good set of horns are the ingredients for one Sue MacDonald. Sue has a motherly nature and will likely be the mother of many. Another future Bostonian, she hopes to major in sociology at BU and then possibly Vista.

Carol Ann McCollum



Carol . . . letters . . . airmail flowers . . . the only one who keeps the 'M' box filled . . . "Is it true blondes have more fun" . . . girl of a thousand hair styles . . .

Carol was always richly endowed with mail in the "M" box and flowers from that certain someone. She was nominated most popular on December 19th when she won the basket of cheer. Poughkeepsie is fortunate to have Carol working in the area.



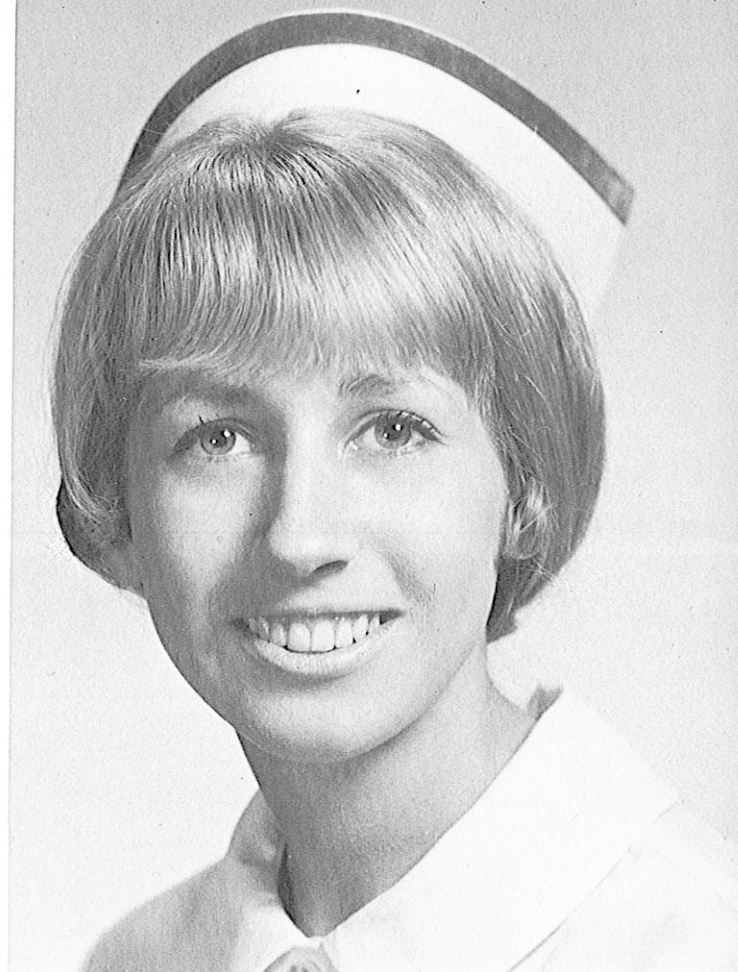
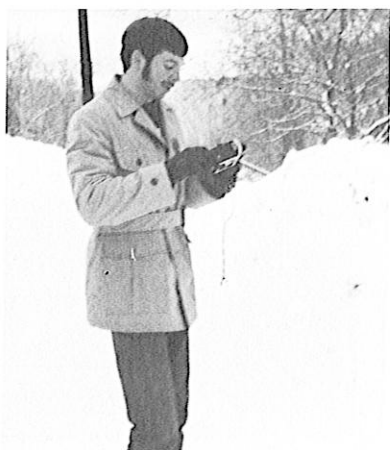
Eileen McKeever



Leenie . . . blushing . . . 3rd degree black belt . . . Pork Chop . . . \$114 worth of candy . . . mouth . . . "Tonight, tonight" . . . cigarette runs or binders . . . Chianti, Pa . . . "Go to—" . . . Suffolk County Wrestling team . . . bowling machine dance . . . court jester . . . 48-D . . . curse you, Red Baron!

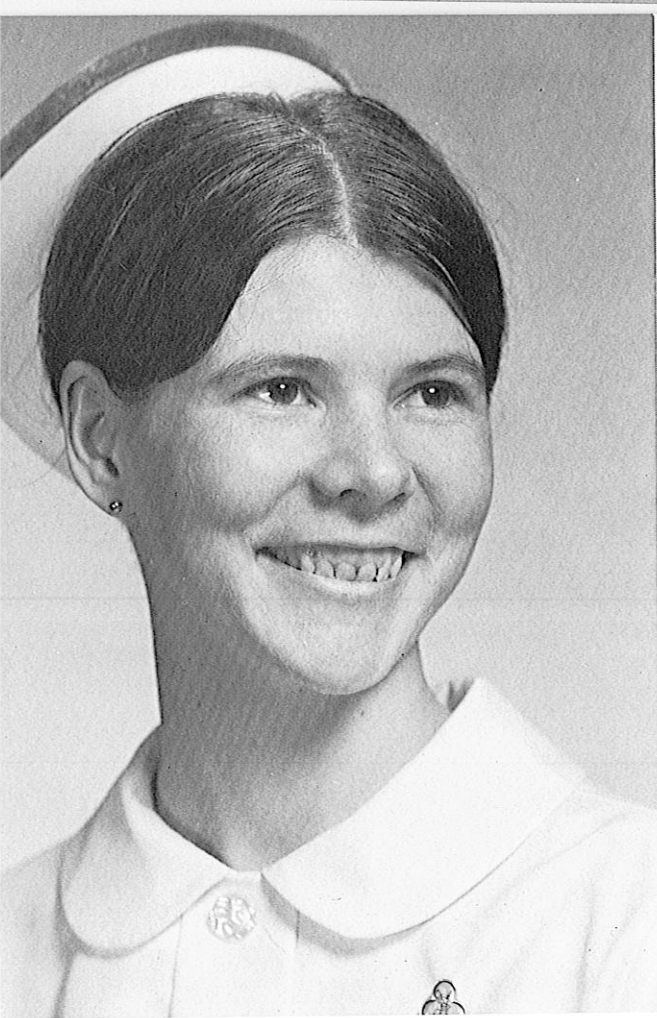
Eileen came to VBH with the wise words of her mother "Study study study, I love you, I pray for you." Her future plans . . . "To go where I want to go and do what I want to do whenever I feel like doing it."

Linda Mesnick

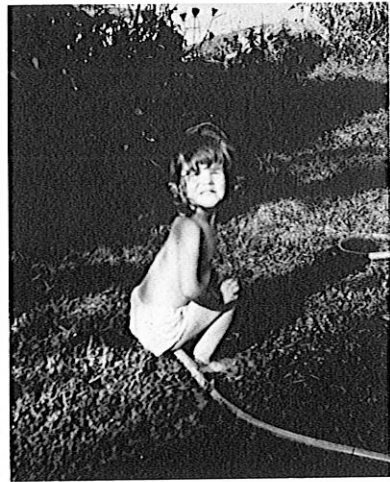


Mezy . . . Lin . . . "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty" . . . Bethel foot infection . . .
perpetually going steady . . . receding hair lines . . . lead foot . . . I hate brown
. . . B.R . . . track shoes . . . letters from Michigan . . . Racing to NYC . . .
Montgomery St. . . D.J.'s at Lake George.

Dying, dieting, dancing and driving, this strawberry blonde is always on the
move or making it. Speed racer is her name to all the state police. Money and
men are her main objectives and she usually comes through. Now, like many of
us, she's on her way to the spinning town of Boston and possibly a new school.



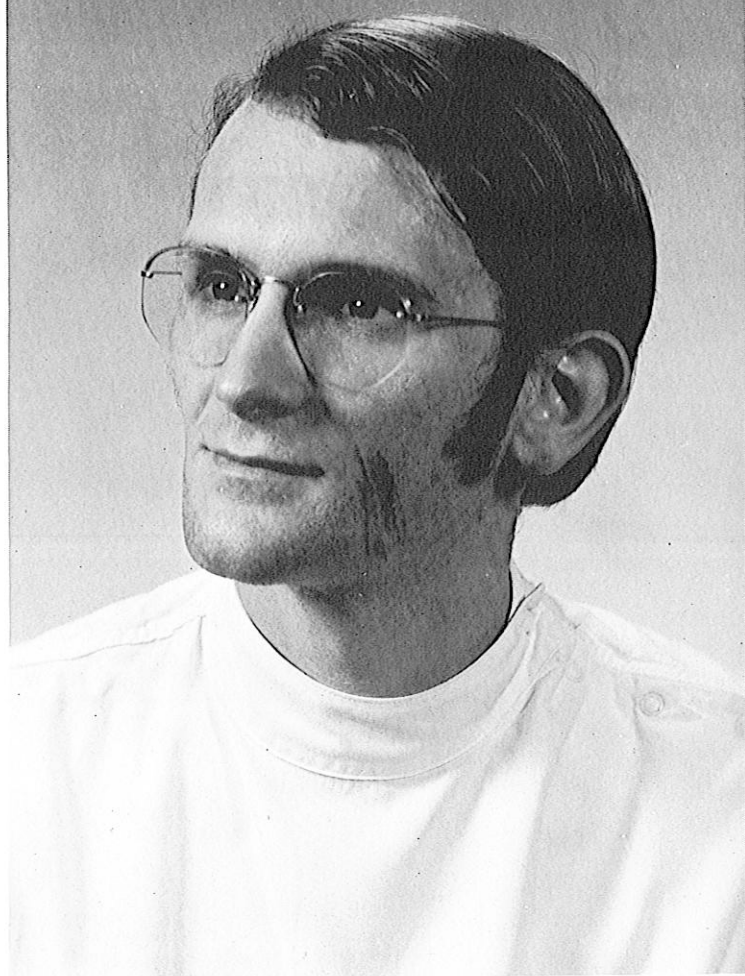
Deborah Nelligan



Debby . . . VBH's very own Masters and Johnson . . . Patrick . . . honeymoon experiences . . . "Did you forget to take your pill?" . . . twin sister . . . queen of the trailers . . . Persian cats . . .

Debby entered VBH with Patrick, cats and a trailer house. She will leave VBH with Patrick to be situated near the Mexican border, snakes and the Rio Grande. Debby's future dreams are to have little Air Force flyers zooming around her house.

Bruce Newman

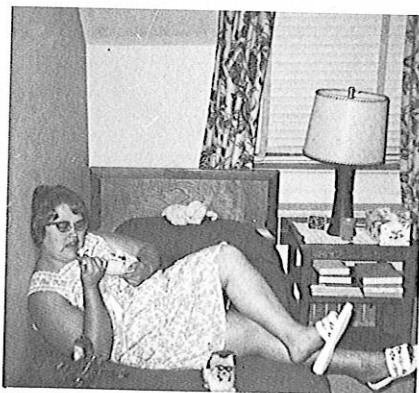


Bruce . . . Moosey Brucie . . . blushing Romeo . . . "Someday I'll call your bluff!"
. . . motorcycles . . . cooking . . . tutor . . . classical music . . . prez . . . L & D . . .
A-1 postpartum nurse . . . Colleen's hubbie . . . 28 girl lover . . . jack of all
trades . . .

Newman, our man about class, is off to the sun and fun on the sands of Fort
Lauderdale or Miami. Anesthesiology is his goal and if he ever gets over the fear
of being smaller than 5 feet 2, a family will be in the making.

A black and white portrait of a woman with short, wavy hair, wearing glasses and a white nurse's cap. She is smiling slightly and looking towards the camera.

Susan Phillips



Sue . . . Flips . . . the only quiet one on the 3rd floor . . . housemother for a night . . . Scarebini's pet . . . ace in the recovery room . . . diet therapy compositions . . .

Jovial giggle, fantastic with kids, and fanatically neat. Sue has won the babysitting award and is pediatrics pied piper. Naturally her future plans will include children, specifically the deaf and blind, and a continuation in education.

Susan Richards



Sue . . . spilling the orange juice . . . the lucky one across from the johns . . . big green eyes . . . Complaint Department . . . smiley? . . . answering service . . . need a babysitter? . . .

VBH was fortunate enough to have their very own beautician. Fortunate for who though? Luckily Sue makes a better nurse than hair cutter. Sue plans to work in VBH after graduation and then move on, move on to better things—working with Indian children.



Janet Ross



Rossy . . . Janetbelle . . . "And there will be no more stealing of candy—" . . . St. Francis . . . marching down Main St. . . Uncle Bert's swimming pool . . . class president . . . loose contacts . . . that wild painting . . .

The prez—all truth and giggles, good deeds and declarations. Janet, our own senior class leader, has been an example of the perfect student. Good grades, good rapport with instructors and health, to bed at dusk and up at dawn. Janet plans to leave the little town of Hopewell Junction, Billy and Uncle Bert's swimming pool; a B.S. her goal.

Judy Smith



Judy . . . "hey Jude" . . . jelly in the ear . . . smiley . . . transmission trouble . . . hatchet man—3 in a bed . . . parties at Uncle Billy's . . . Gary, USN correspondent secretary . . .

Judy Smith found her way out of the sticks of Holmes and into the humdrum of VBH. Judy plans to work at VBH as a graduate staff nurse instead of a staff student. In future years she plans to further her education. Judy will always be a success with her winning smile and congenial personality.



Madeline Spano



Maddy . . . “ . . . I mean, was he mad?” . . . “Miss Spano, your hair is falling down” . . . Roses . . . groovy physiotherapist . . . 24 hour urine bottle . . . Shalimar . . . centipede screams . . . a little red VW . . . doing a wash in the middle of the night . . . Christmas vacation spent with Steve.

VBH's very own Greta Garbo is none other than Maddy Spano. Maddy will never recover from those nights of finding centipedes in her room. Cool, calm and collected she's not, but that's what makes Maddy, Maddy. The coffee cup and cigarette are her trade marks, and you can always count on a weird tale of the trials and tribulations of HRSH. Wedding bells will be ringing for her and Steve in November of this year.

Barbara Spencer



Bobbi . . . daughter of a preacher man . . . Virginia Beach . . . spastic duodenum . . . Pearl and Barry . . . the Guinea . . . Lexington Ave . . . George of the Jungle . . . Sears carpet . . . ruptured gas pains . . . nice mouth? . . . Carroll's club burgers . . . N.J.'s flying ace driver.

The Salvation Band's biggest fan, Trenton's future nurse chose to enter the establishment of VBH. This skinny girl carries a mean wallop and a ferocious roar. Fortunately her bark is worse than her bite. She is planning to work in Philly after graduation.



Sue Strom



Suzie . . . Coonsie . . . give us a mouth . . . "you C.L." . . . 7pm to 1pm, Boston, USA . . . Rapunsel . . . Bikinis Galore . . . peters . . . coffee and crackers anyone? . . . "I'll ask Uncle Ray" . . . diet, diet, diet . . . soda jerk . . . I love my shirt . . . just one more rat.

Suzie's extracurricular activities revolve around her stereo, Peter and Boston. In August, Pete will dominate the scene by means of marriage, and Boston will become her home. She will work in L&D in one of the nearby hospitals until Pete graduates.

Patricia Sutherland



B.B.B. . . . Patty . . . code stat . . . Notel— . . . “what a hole” . . . “you little—”
. . . spirits of ammonia . . . wedding bell blues . . . four on the floor . . . whiskey
sours and inverted cigs . . . new raincoats . . . Ithaca.

A quiet, shy girl in New Hole turned out to be a hell-raiser in Old Hole. BBB is noted for her water fight walks, innocently (?) changing the words around in songs, and the New Paltz runs. Patty has her pin, her man and someday her impossible dream come true . . . her diamond ring. Pat plans to work on Larry for her ring and work at VBH as a graduate.



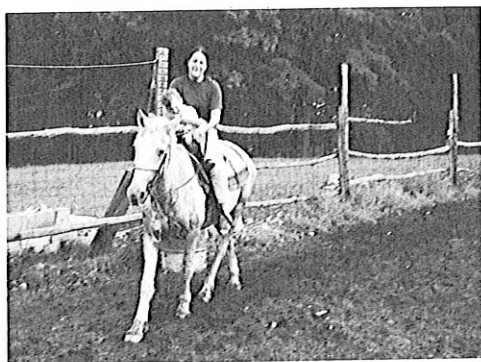
Marianne
Tacker



Ter . . . DCC cafeteria . . . coffee and cigs . . . criminal lawyers . . . walks by the river . . . getaway car . . . Rod McKuen . . . making candles . . . snowed in at Lexington . . . sleeping through four alarms . . . certain doctors . . . taxi to Dutchess . . .

An old Bostonian in the true sense of the word, Terry has been bombing around in her Olds from Connecticut and the kids to parts unknown. A pair of wild lounging P.J.'s have become her trademark. Her future plans as yet lie somewhere between New York and Yale, New Haven; ICU and Peds.

Linda Towner



Linda . . . Lin . . . curried rice . . . Sean's mommy . . . Indian men . . . Vassar concert . . . Ravi Shankar . . . black nightgowns in the dorm . . . pretty bathrobe . . . tonsils anyone? . . . flute . . .

Linda, who has always been on the go plans to continue and see some of the awesome world in the years to come. She would also like to go back to school and study anesthesiology. A family is part of the master plan, but no specifics on that part yet.



Cynthia Truesdell



Hypophrenic . . . spaghetti spasms . . . Bob . . . Donald Duck . . . stink pink . . . building a house . . . Rock woman . . . giggling with B.J. . . chocolate milk . . . food, food, and more food. . . banana curls . . . 38 hour study . . . bedpans under the bed—full! . . .

Fantastic bod, superb brain, matching clothes and obscene mouth are all a part of this strange being. Intelligence is her middle name, but weird her first and lovable her last. Now on September 19 she plans to enter that famous institution called marriage, but Bob won't be able to keep her down on the farm for long because Cindy plans to work part-time at Stamford Community Hospital.

Claire Van Benschoten



Schoten or ———? . . . Clairebelle . . . Sow . . . Shortie . . . White Lake/Green Hair . . . ship to shore . . . lipstick and comb . . . "Give me a H-O—!" . . . Russians . . . pneumothorax . . . "It's in all the fashion books" . . . Boston . . . moons and trains . . . just one more spider . . .

"Schoten" left Margaretville (did you ever hear of it?) on a peaceful day in September '68 without any idea of what she was falling into. As her man sailed from port to port on the SS San Jose she passed through the freshman sweats and senior slump. In September '70 she plans to go to the "Boss Town" or Boston to work and start a few courses toward a degree and wait for her "ship to come in."



Mary Jane Van Benschoten



Janie . . . "Who, me?" . . . a November wedding . . . SOB in ICU . . . peaches 'n cream . . . surprise showers . . . that certain man . . . mint green nightgown . . . N.Y.'s flying ace driver . . . flat tires . . . cereal suppers . . . How's Family Planning Clinic? . . . blushing bride . . . tranquilizers prn . . .

Our first inservice bride, little Janie broke those wedding bell blues and got Bill. She is known as the connseior of brides. She is and always plans to be a loving wife and someday a good mother. Nursing will be at VHB.

Sandra Hoss



Dizzy . . . Winey . . . Cindy and me . . . The Hook . . . "Was he nice?" . . . tinkle, tinkle in the night . . . MOM . . . "What was your mark?" . . . Lake George . . . pictures in bed . . . "I'm going out to dinner" . . . motorcycle rides . . . correspondence with all the doctors . . . split ends . . .

This blonde haired, blue eyed girl entered VBH bewitched, bothered and bewildered. She is still bewitching to some, but a bother to no one. Sandy secretly plans to spend her life with that certain someone at the Hook. No immediate plans have been set.



Burma Ward



Fayebelle . . . Flame . . . Flickering? . . . "NYC is just marvelous" . . . tickets to the opera . . . h.s. 9 pm . . . doctor's softball game . . . "Where's my bagel?" . . . Schwartz's last dress . . . Brenners . . . Botany 500 . . . cereal breaks . . . about that diet . . .

Our own fashion plate of VBH is called Flame in the dorm, but to her friends in fun city she's known as Burma. Faye has been a jack of all trades, but hopefully a master of nursing. The cliché terms of 'fantastic' and 'marvelous' dominate her conversations in a sophisticated monotone. Faye's future plans are to enjoy life to the fullest, work and play in NYC.

Janet Weaver



Wee Wee . . . "So speak" . . . sleeping alla— . . . clepto . . . Wake me up in the morning . . . 3rd floor Maritime . . . Sleep-in at White Lake . . . New Hole library door . . . the getaway car . . . "But you never turn off an I.V." . . . "That was the Suffolk soccer coach?" . . . those blood curdling screams . . .

The ring leader of VBH's bad girls is none other than JCW. Little Wee Wee, pint size bod with a huge capacity for sleeping, drinking and laughing. The world comes alive at 1 a.m. and if something isn't tough, cool, or gross it's none existent. The piano, smoking with her toes, and rolling her stomach are only a few of her many talents. Now Janet will be flashing her legs down the aisles of one of United's birds from San Fran to Hawaii. Weekend trips to Boston, a family and possibly a husband are in the distant future.



Kathleen Moulfe



Woulfie . . . Cysdin . . . White Lake, period . . . Booze Room . . . water, water everywhere . . . humming . . . cigs, cigs, and more cigs . . . "Yeah, and a green frog is gonna jump up and bite ya!" . . . hippie of the hole . . . J. Bait . . . depression . . . babysitting is a hit.

Woulfie left an all girl academy to enter the bay of pigs or sows as we call it. Humming has been her bag and collage making her profession after hours. Kathy plans to work in Boston and further her education at a liberal school just like VBH (giggle)!

Class Prophecy

Coonsie will be in L & D delivering her own.
Bird will still be losing her contacts down the drain, but luckily she'll be married to Jerry.
Janie has learned how to prepare hot cereal instead of corn flakes.
Cindy will be telling those horrendous jokes to her children.
Marsha will be living in a wall-to-wall collage.
Claire will still be sending radiograms.
Pam will be a WAVE.
Eileen will still be getting azalae bushes.
Carol will be a mail order bride.
Marino's feet will have atrophied.
Mez will be married to a B. R.
Debby will have a litter.
Bruce will be a knocker-outer.
Flips will be head nurse of Peds.
Janet will be supervisor of St. Francis OR.
Faye will be writing a gossip column.
Kathy will be cycling around the country side.
Sandy will still be South End's best customer.
Suzanne will have caught her man.
Weave will still be serving, "Coffee, tea or—?"
Towner will be "ready or not."
Pat will still be singing the wrong words.
Maddy will still be smoking with her toes.
Bobbi will still think she's editor of the year book.
Teri will have that gray Lincoln Continental.
Little B. J. will still be little.
Sharen will have more than one army brat.
Judy will be smiling and smiling and smiling and . . .
Sue will be working with Indians without reservation.

DO YOU REMEMBER . . .

when we played "stink pinks" for three days straight?
our last night at New Tower?
the "almost" Chicago incident?
the numerous water fights on the third floor?
scrub gowns at Squire's?
Berger's tests?
". . . why don't you go ahead and . . ."?
The Axe Man?
McCarthy's visit to the second floor?
when Miss Mayhen's door made the news?
when Flips drank the black ants?
strip poker at 1:25 am?
piggy-back rides in the DCC library?
Weaver in the closet with a stocking on her head?
riding bikes through New Hole?
the signs from some unknown lake?
calling all vicinity bars for McKeever?
when the VBH hippies visited Fitz's?
Richard's spilling the O.J.?
all those trips to Brenner's?
toilet paper decorations?
the mysterious missing soda?
Big-Little Sister disturbance at South End?
one quiet Sunday afternoon in 201?
when Annie told us Debbie's secret?
studying for "Daddy" Menegat's tests?
signing out the kitchen key to open the laundry closet?
counting the days?
taking Cepacol and a combid spansule for a hangover?
all the "poppers" we ate?
how time "flew" in micro lab?
Super Duck?
the Montgomery Street free-for-all?
braving the storm (against Mr. Connelly's warning) for a beer before work?
the silverware lift?
the instructor's complaining about our complaining?
the VBH high sign?
the sitz bath, Judy?
when we "picked" our traditional, unsexy uniform?
Maddy's hives of unknown origin?
the disappearing OR gowns?
the leader of the pack?
sunbathing in our undies to Mrs. Boldvay's dismay, but to the workman's delight?
the male part-time residents at Old Tower?
when our dog was Mother Hen's pet peeve?
being picked up by the police at one place or another, Ter, Leenie, Wee, Mez, Woulfe, and Marsh?
Faye's many hairs?
Bird's birthday party?
asparagus tips on toast, Welsh rarebit and liver just to mention a few?
when Bruce told us his secret?
how our class really stuck together?
Peanut Butter Brain?
our 3 am curfew?
our surprise when they didn't censor this book?

Class Will

Bobbi wills to anyone all the room checks in the world.

Bruce wills to anyone his apartment and one used Siamese cat.

Kathy wills to anyone her slippers that "snap."

Terri wills her feet to ANYONE who wants them.

Pat wills 288 cans of "Mrs. Leland's Candy" to anyone who wants to sell it.

Janet wills her bed to anyone who likes to sleep.

Sue wills her green contact lenses to anyone who likes a green tinted world.

Flips leaves 100 pounds to anyone who needs and wants this added attraction.

Janie leaves a small bottle of Butisol to anyone who "just can't stand it!"

B. J. wills her dirty white elf shoes to anyone who can wear a size 4½.

Sandy wills "the arsenal" to anyone who has to take the train to New York.

Claire leaves her height to anyone who is small enough to look down on others.

Coonsie leaves post partum forever to anyone who is lazy enough and crazy enough to go through all the grief and misery.

Terry and Maddie leave two bath tubs, a book, and a deck of cards with fond memories.

Carol wills her airmail letters to the "M" box to anyone who doesn't get much mail.

Suzanne gives her bottle of "red" Lady Clariol to anyone who wants the prestige of being a "natural" red head.

Cindy wills her "Mr. Bubbles" to anyone who prefers baths to showers.

Pam leaves grace.

Judy wills a full container of "broken pipettes" to anyone interested in Micro.

Sharen wills Mrs. Colton a years supply of Cepacol to keep the freshmen in good health.

Eileen wills her favorite song to anyone who won't abuse it.

Marsha leaves her numerous collages, questionable signs and a leaky ceiling to dear Mrs. Boldvay.

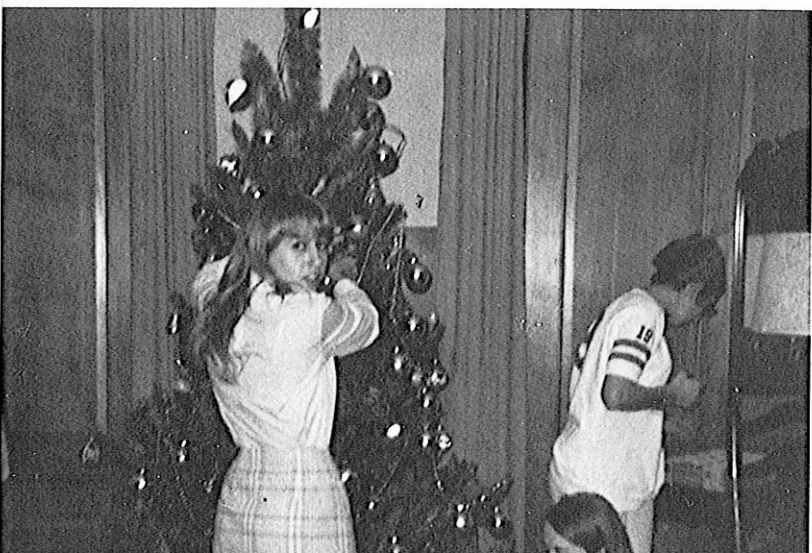
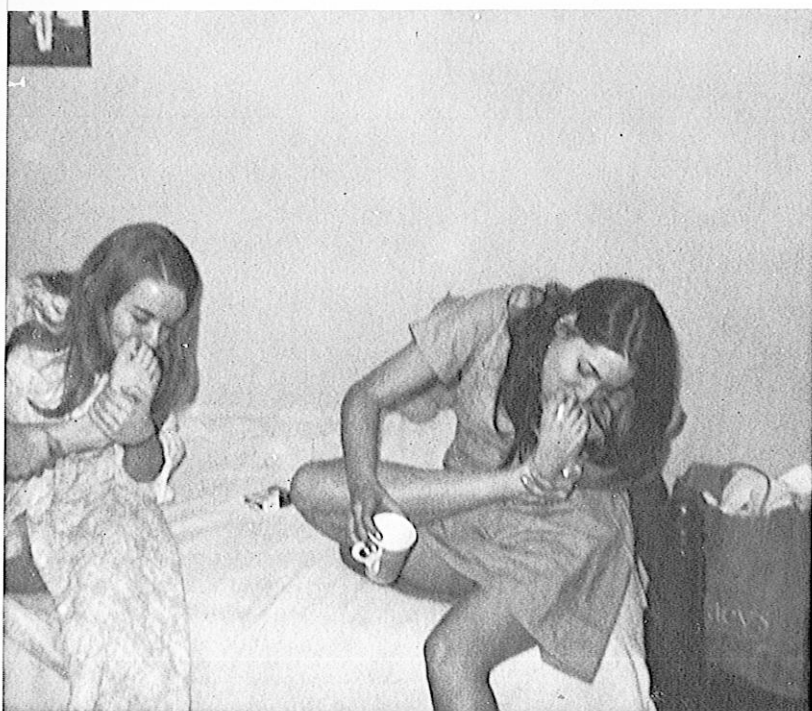
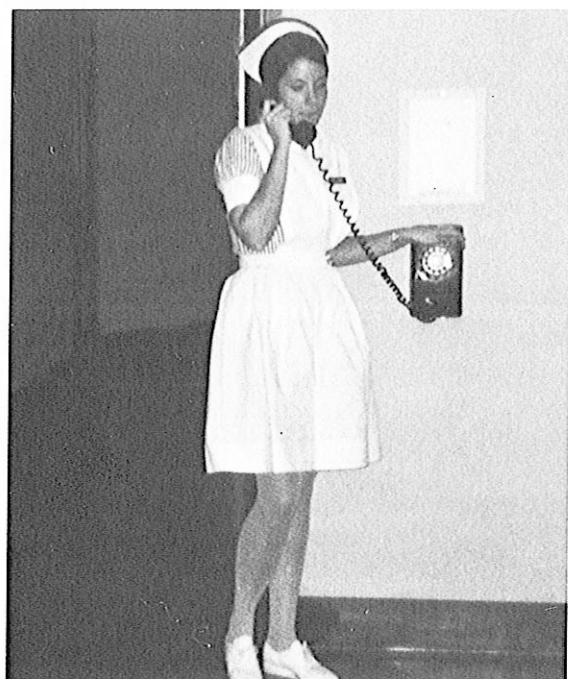
Faye and Janet leave one of their Valentine's Day mail trucks.

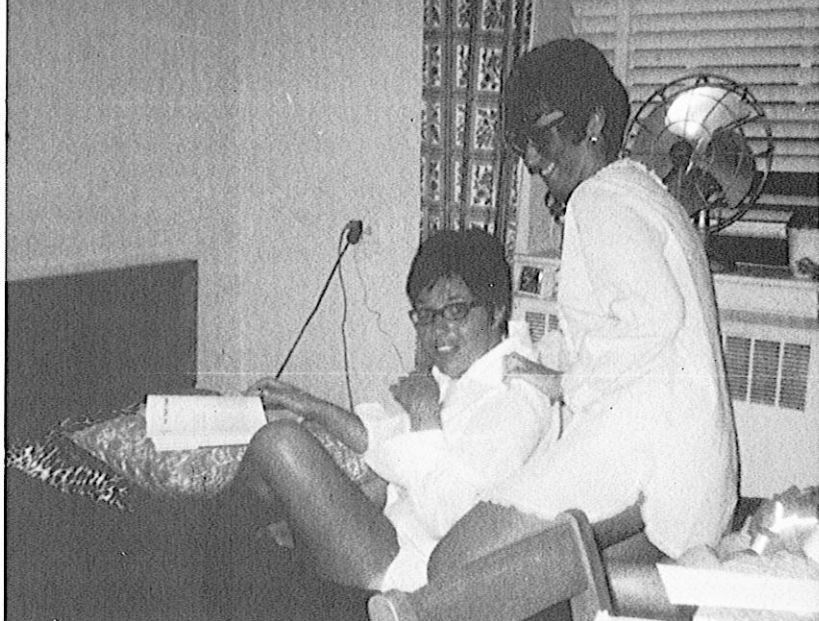
Linda wills all the miles on her green bomb.

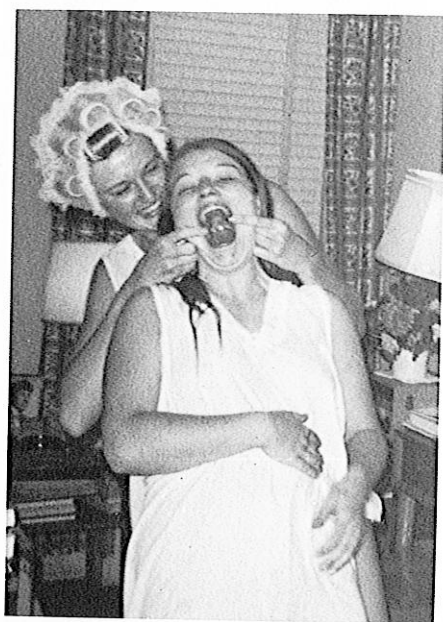
Mary wills her weights.

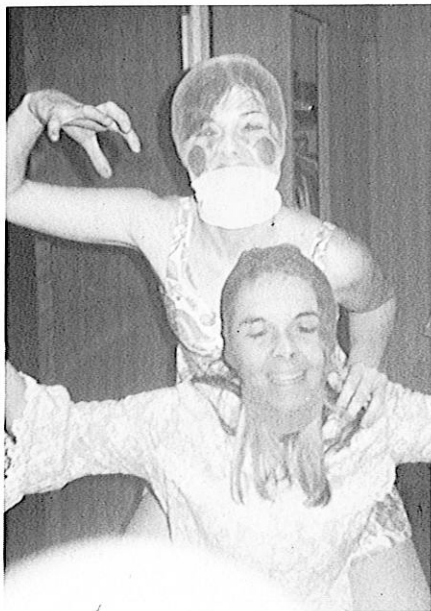
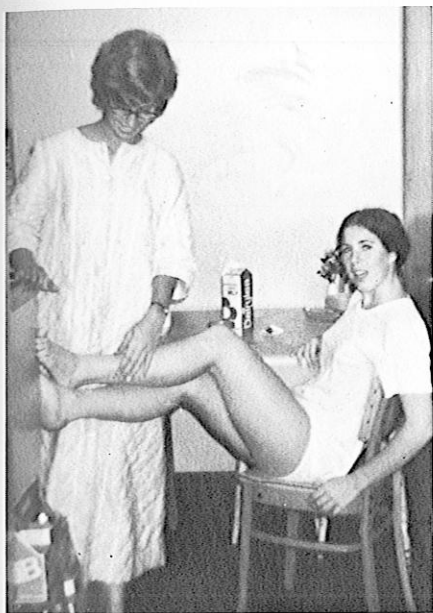
Debby wills her honeymoon experience to all those getting married.

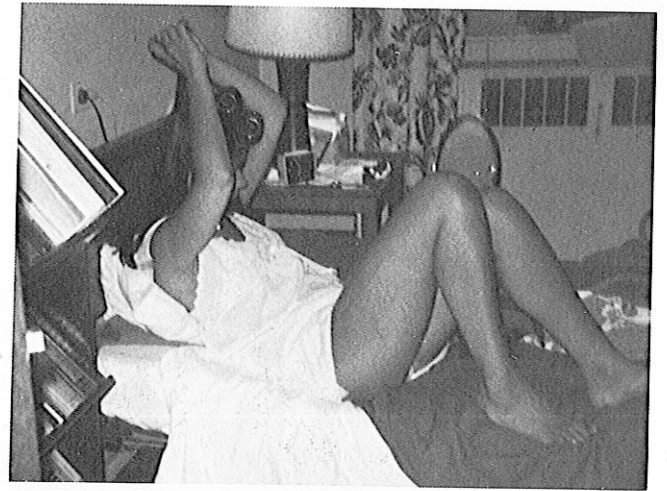
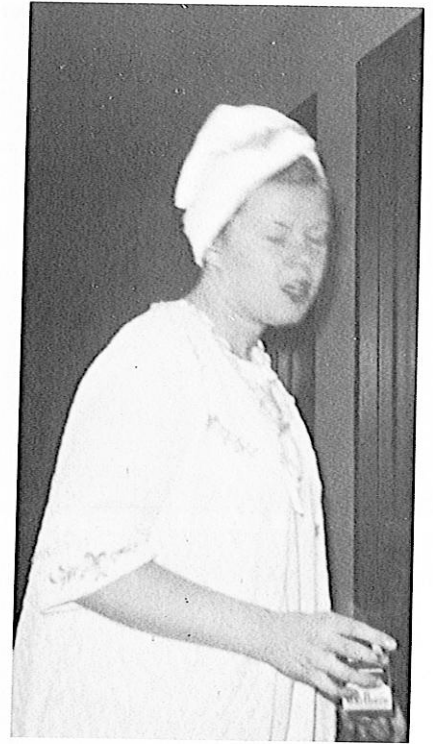
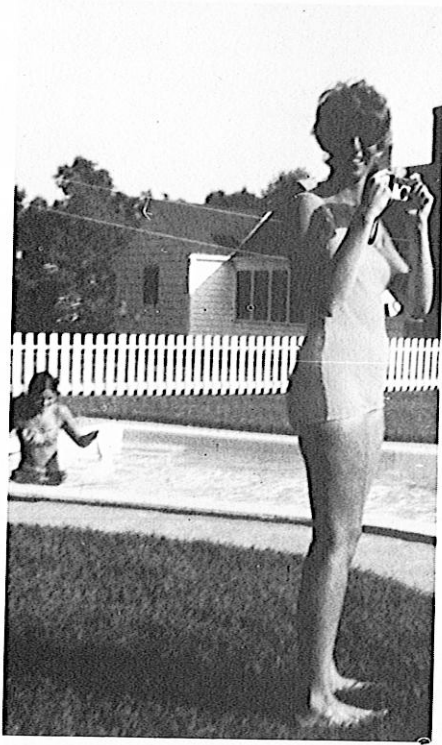
Linda wills a bowl of curry and a sari to anyone in need.

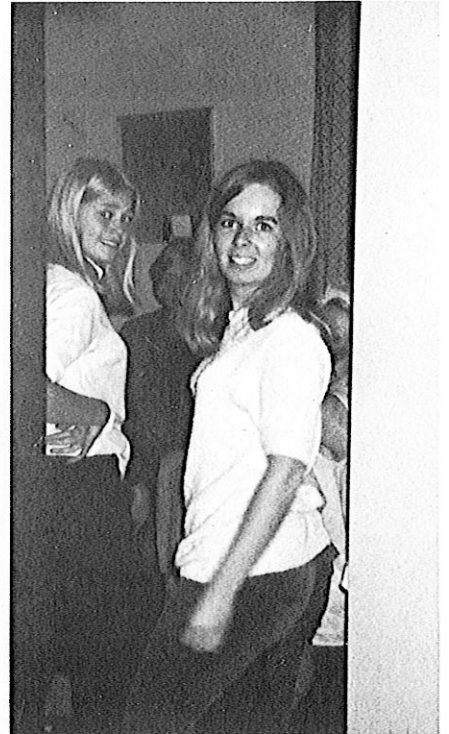


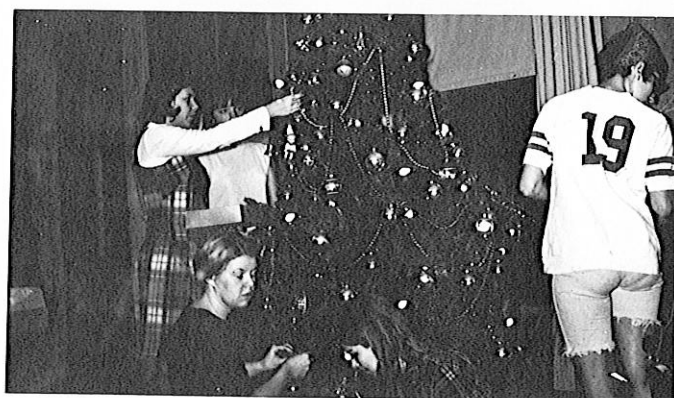
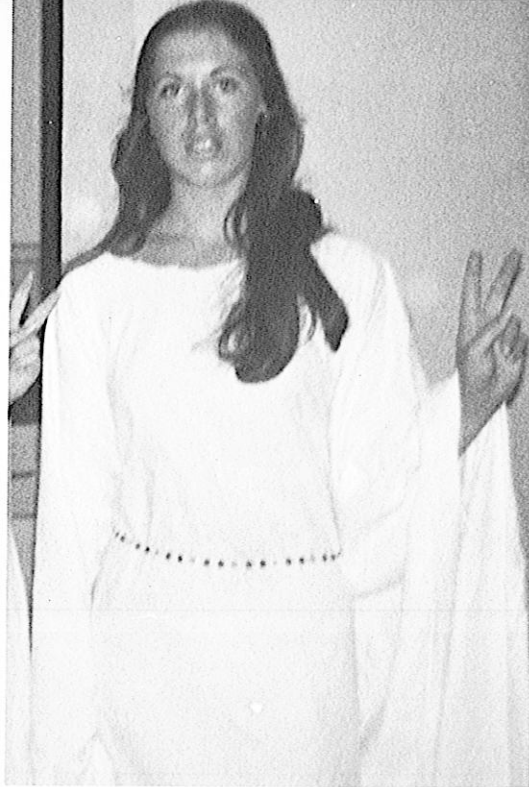


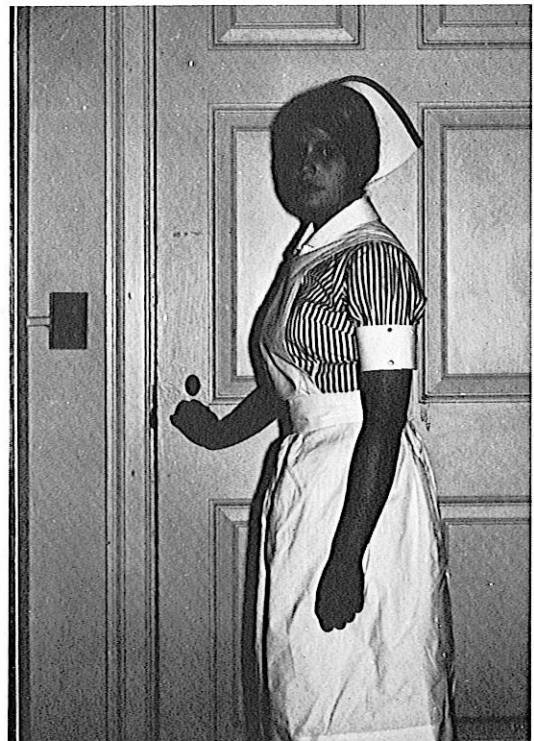
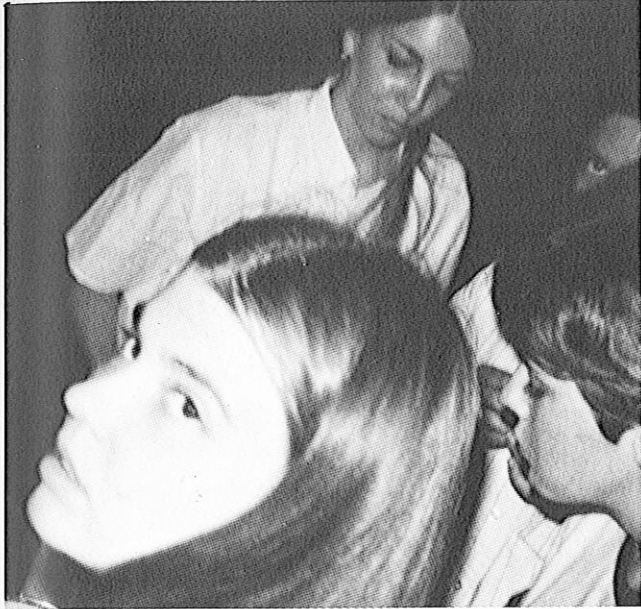


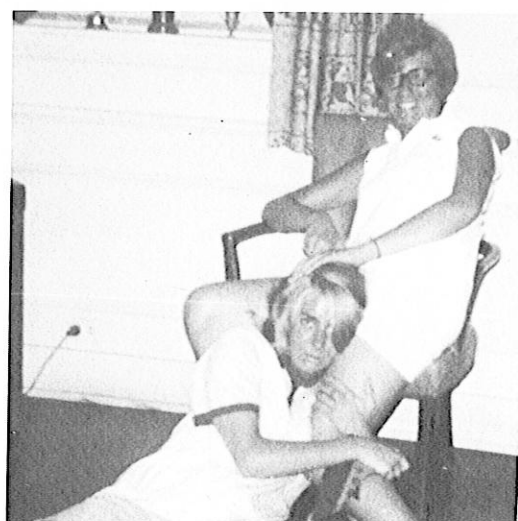
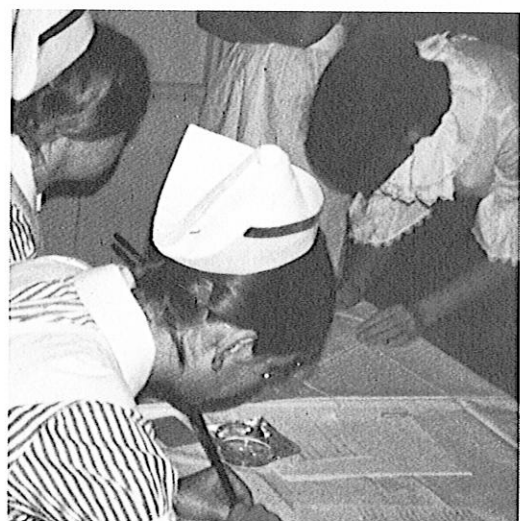
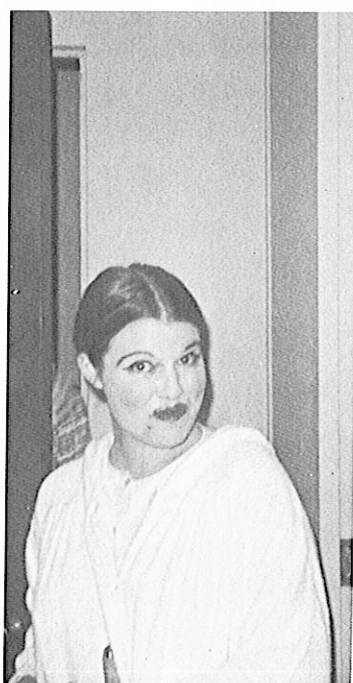
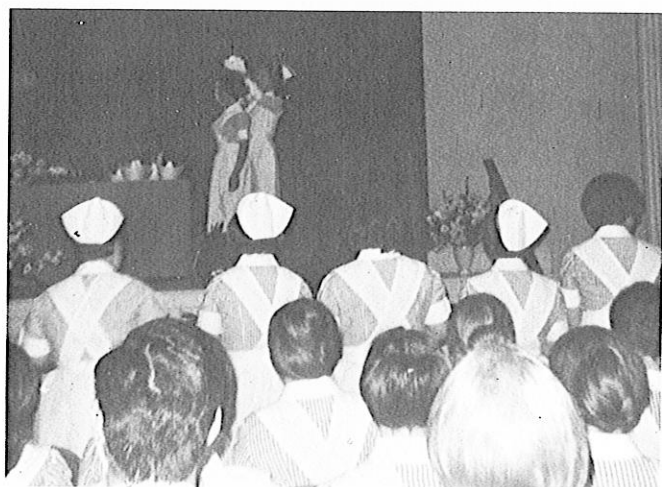


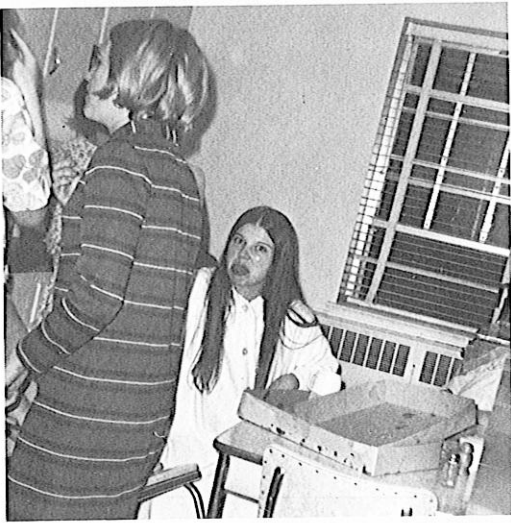


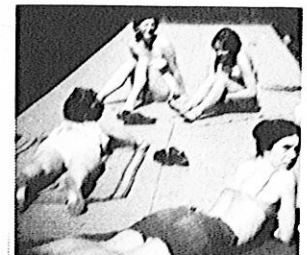
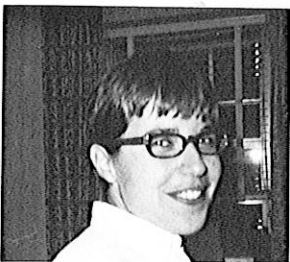
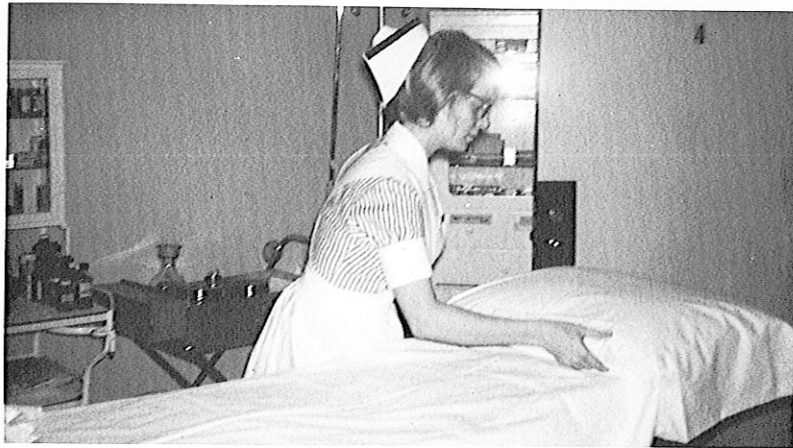


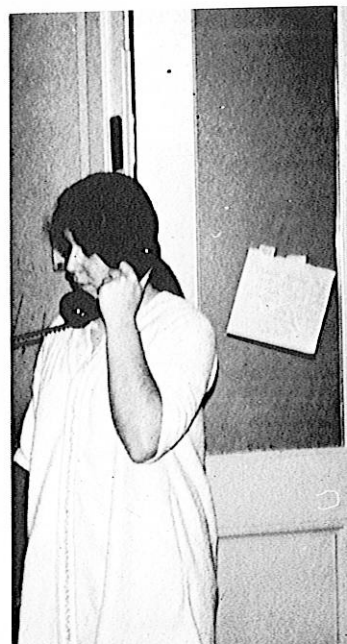


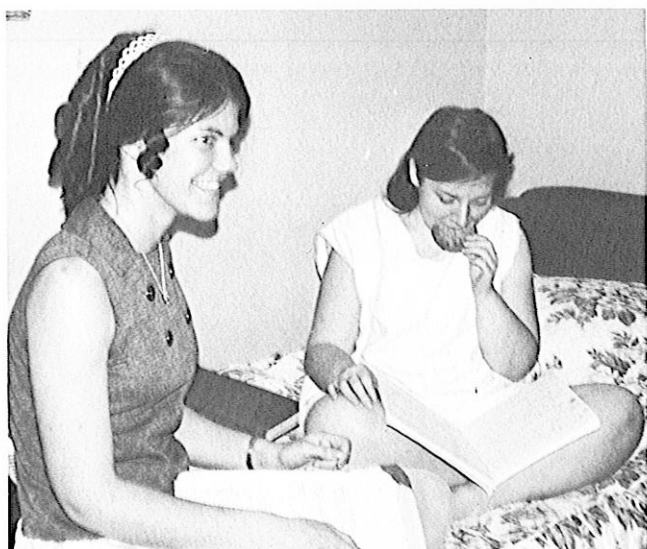


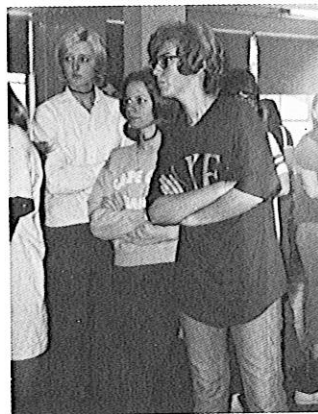
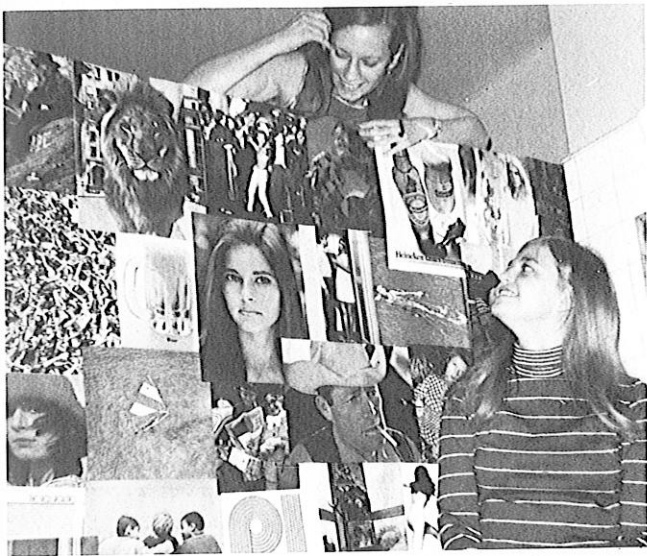


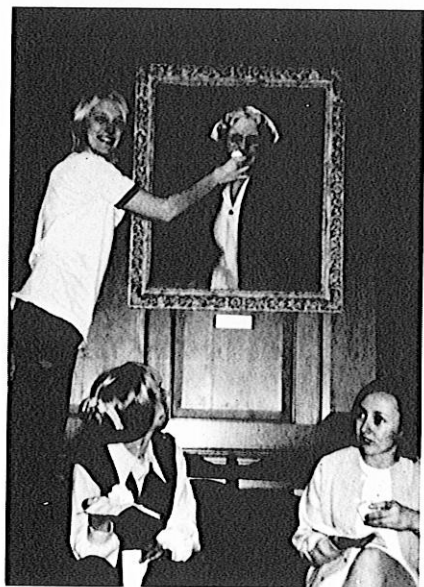
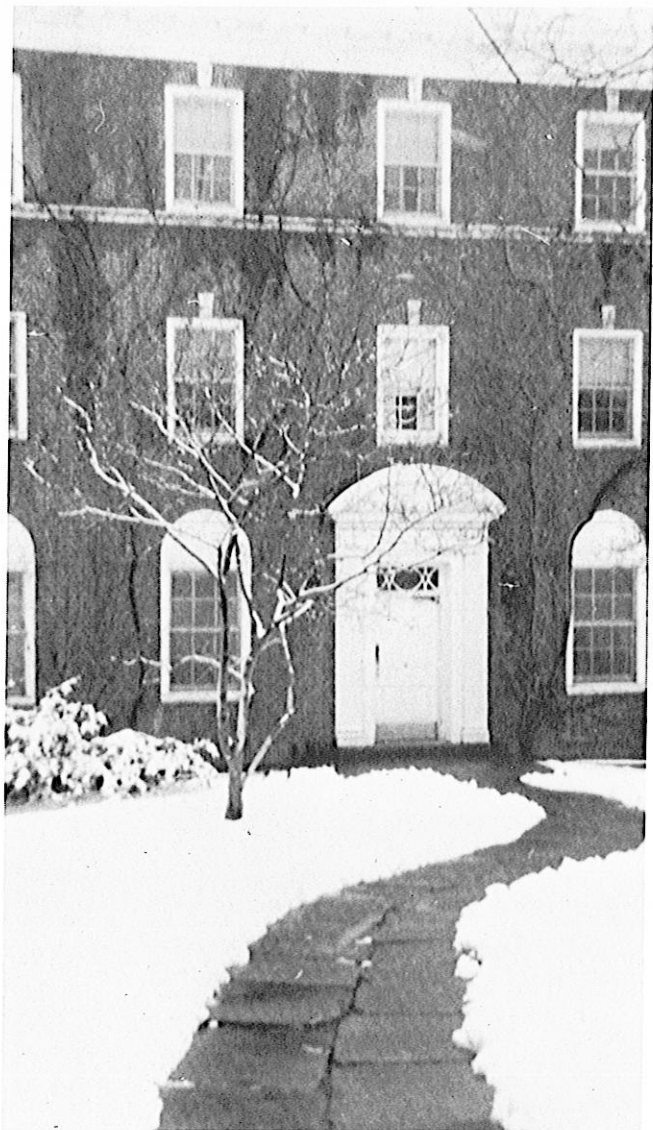


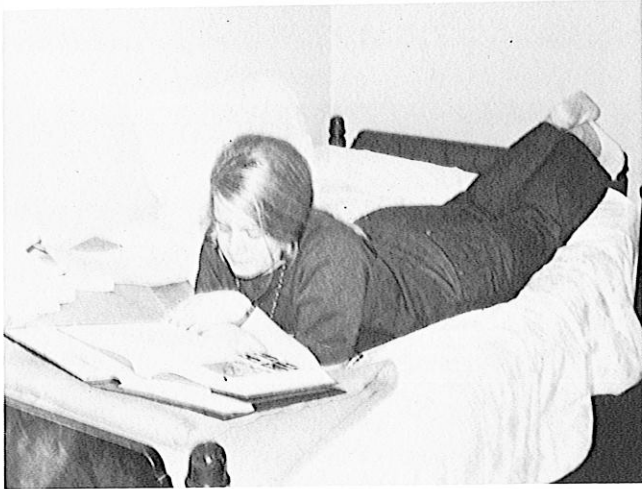
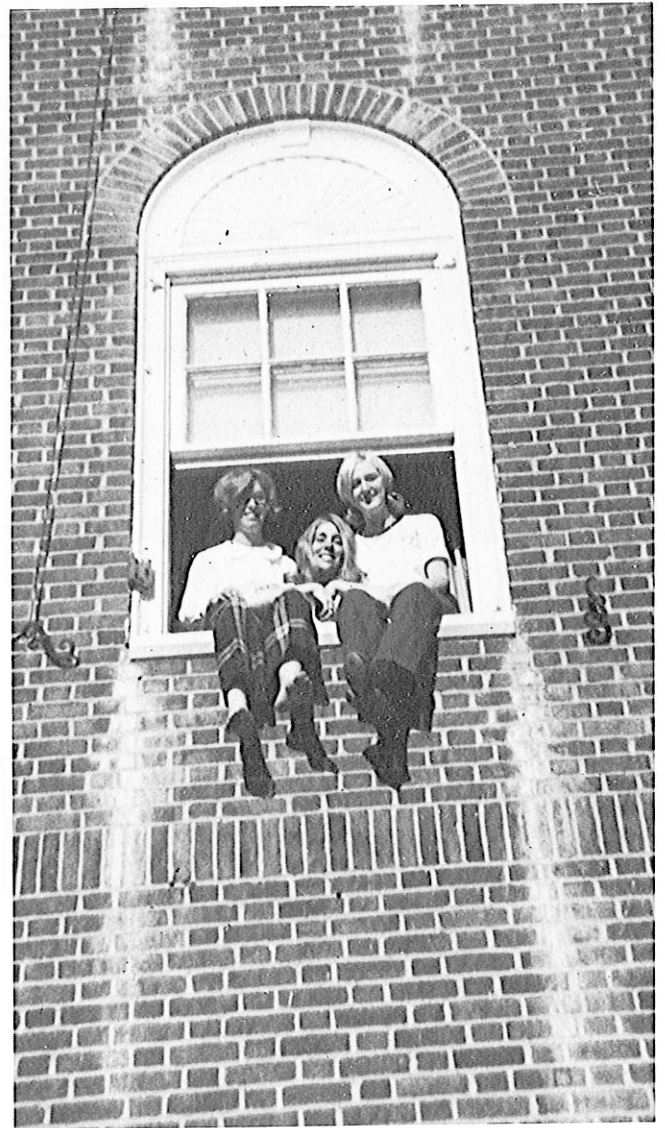


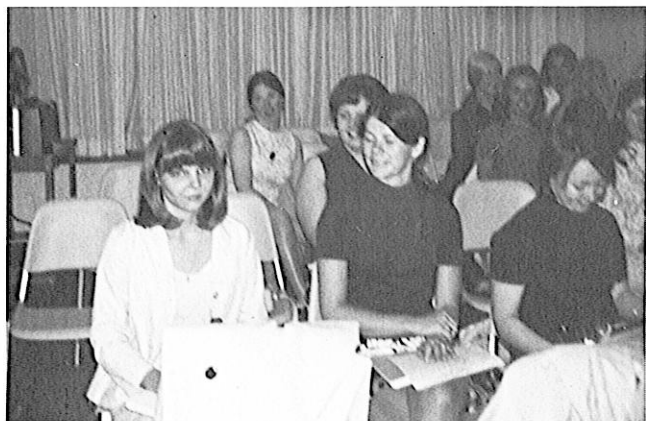


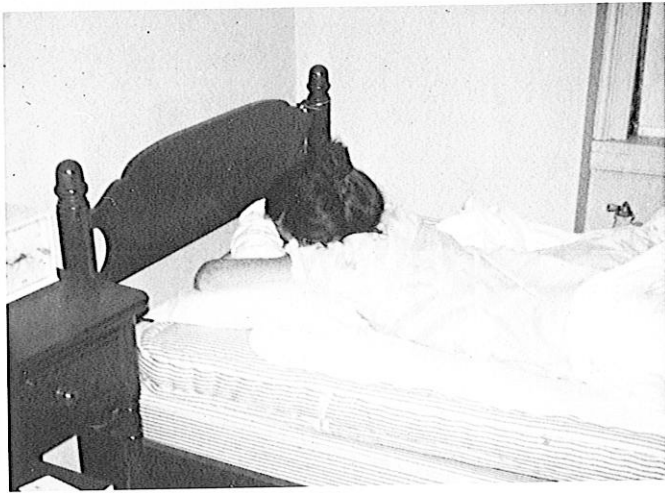
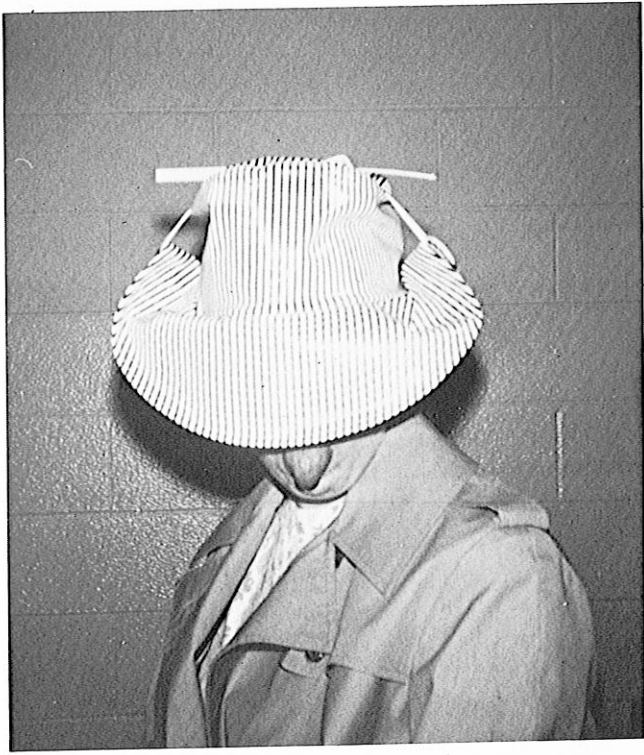


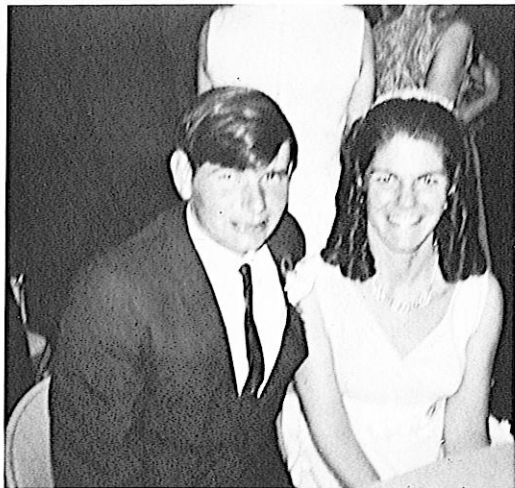
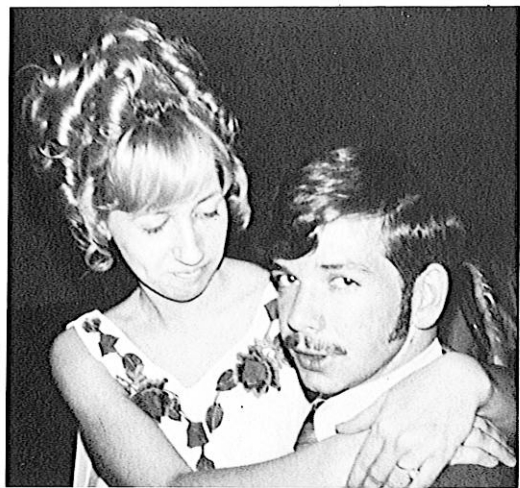
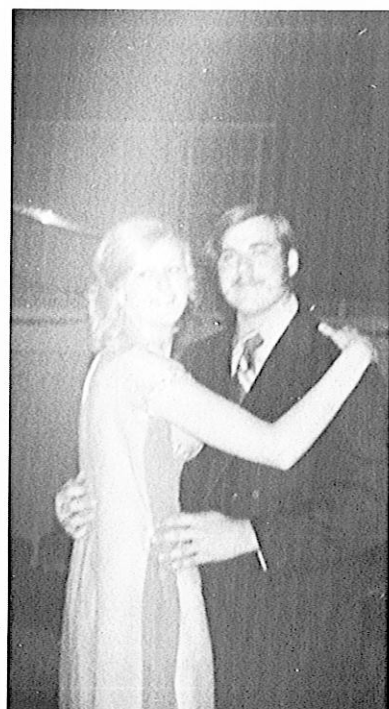
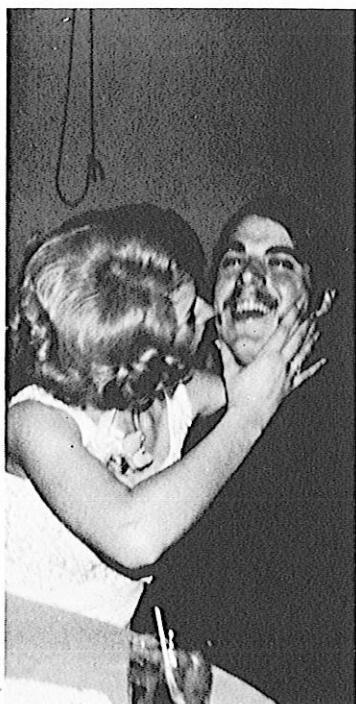


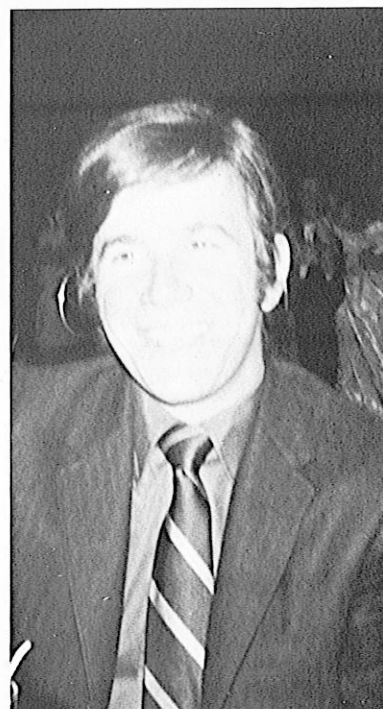
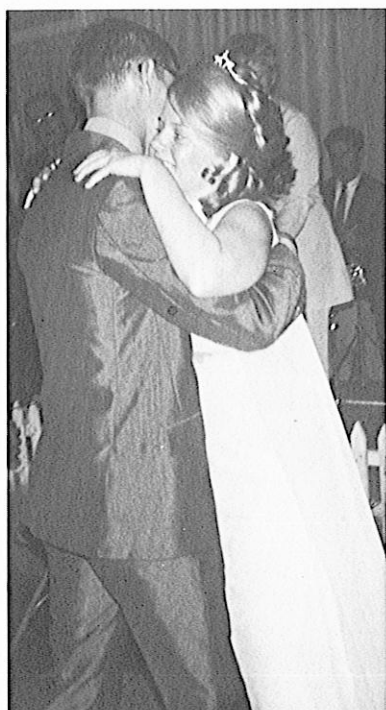


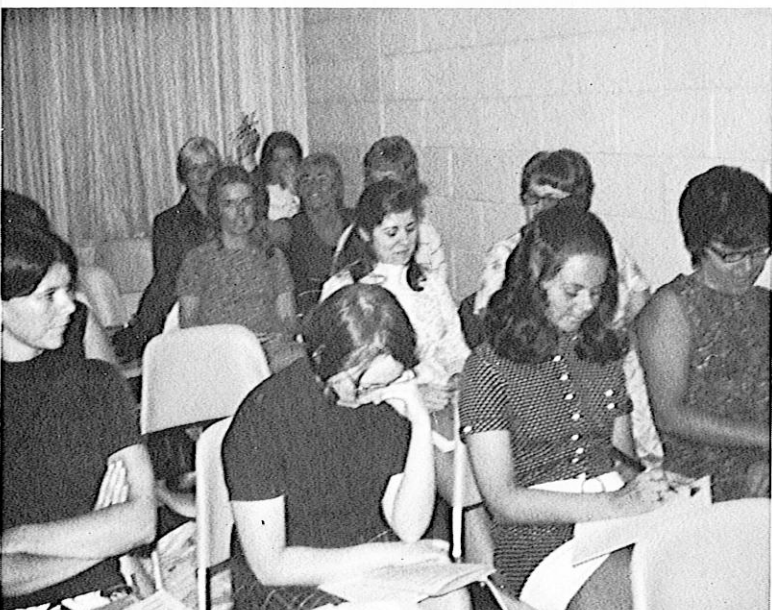








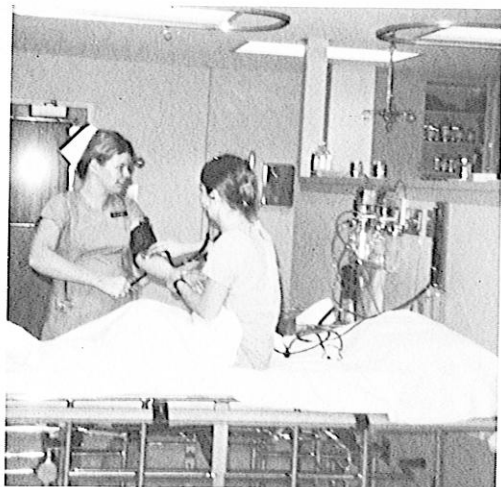
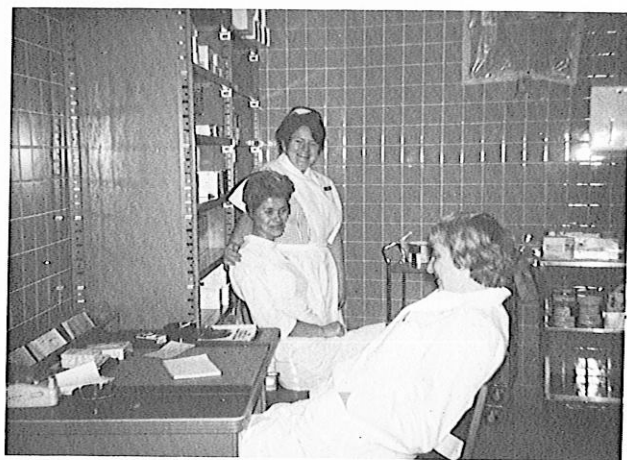
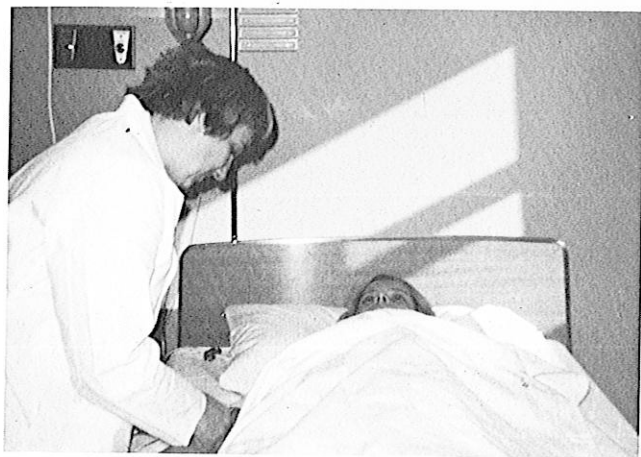




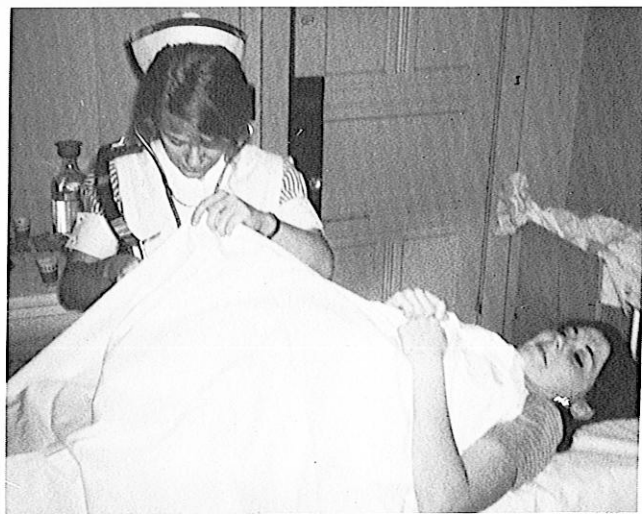


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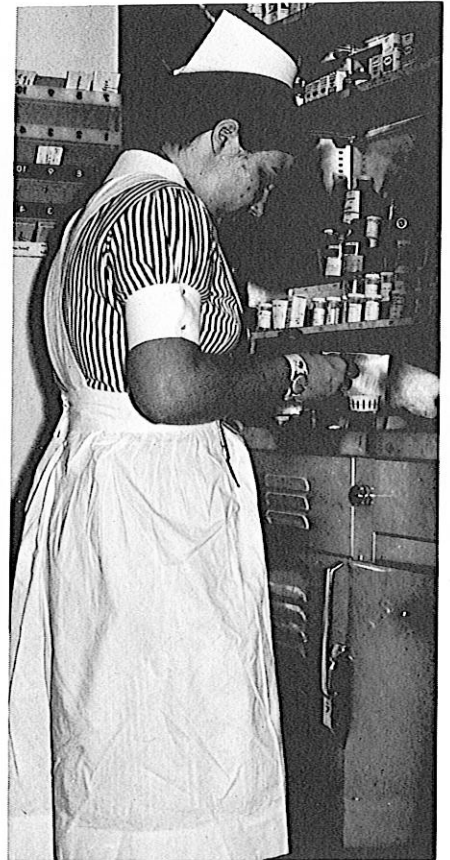
IV Team and Recovery Room



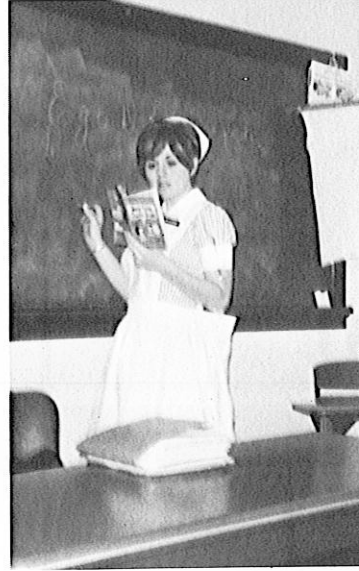
Emergency Room and Clinics



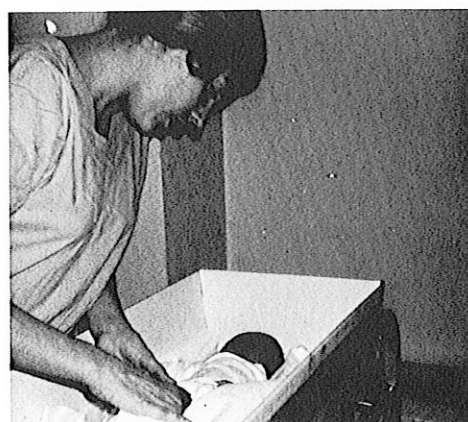
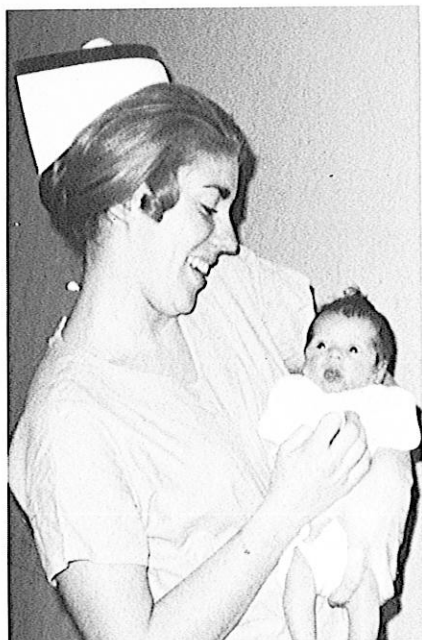
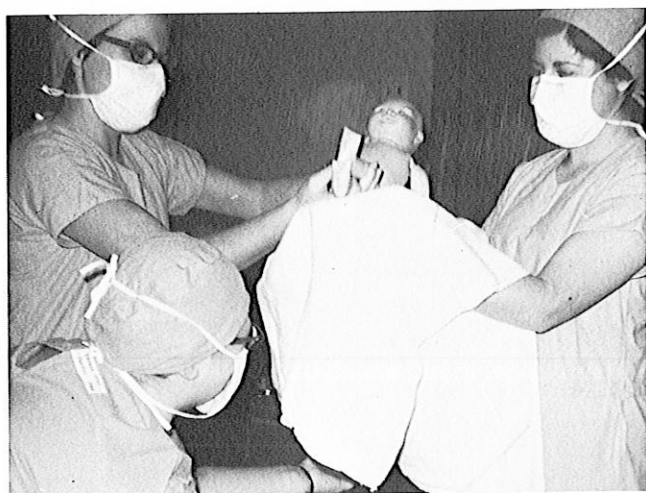
Pediatrics



Psychiatric



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Class Song:

I Believe

Class Color:

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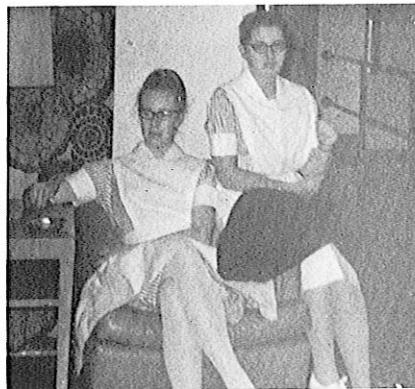
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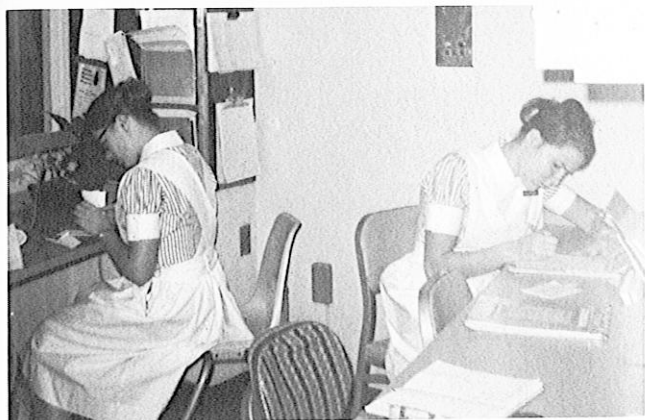


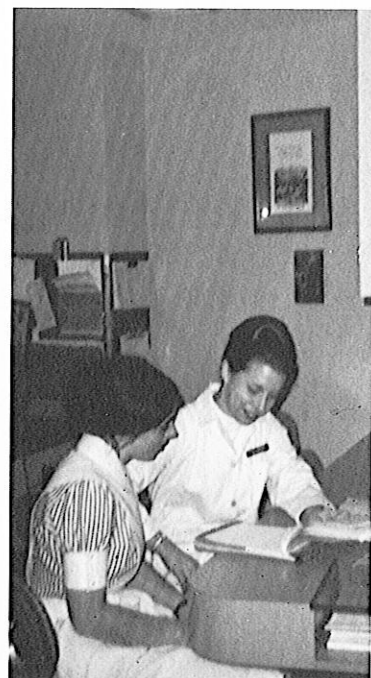
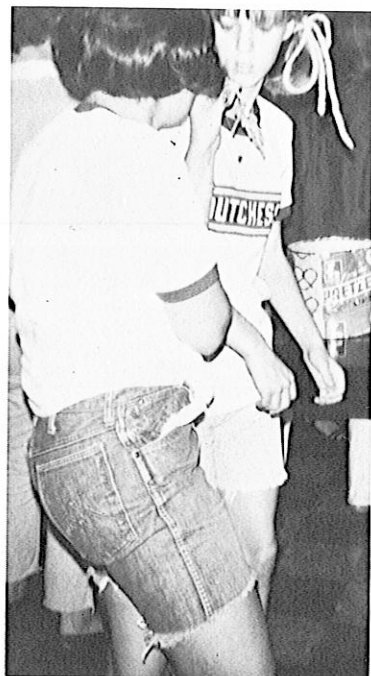
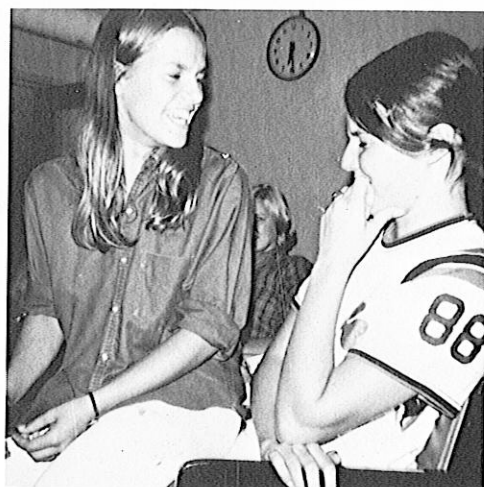
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First row: N. Estes, J. Guidice, C. Maxwell. Second row: D. Wortman, D. Birrittella, K. Capozzi, M. Eckert, J. Smith, D. Batillo, E. Barry, D. Reif. Third row: L. Webster, S. McKittrick, L. Young, D. Donner, E. Arnold, M. Curran, J. Gabriel, M. Atkinson, B. A'Brial, C. Gordon, S. Federbush.









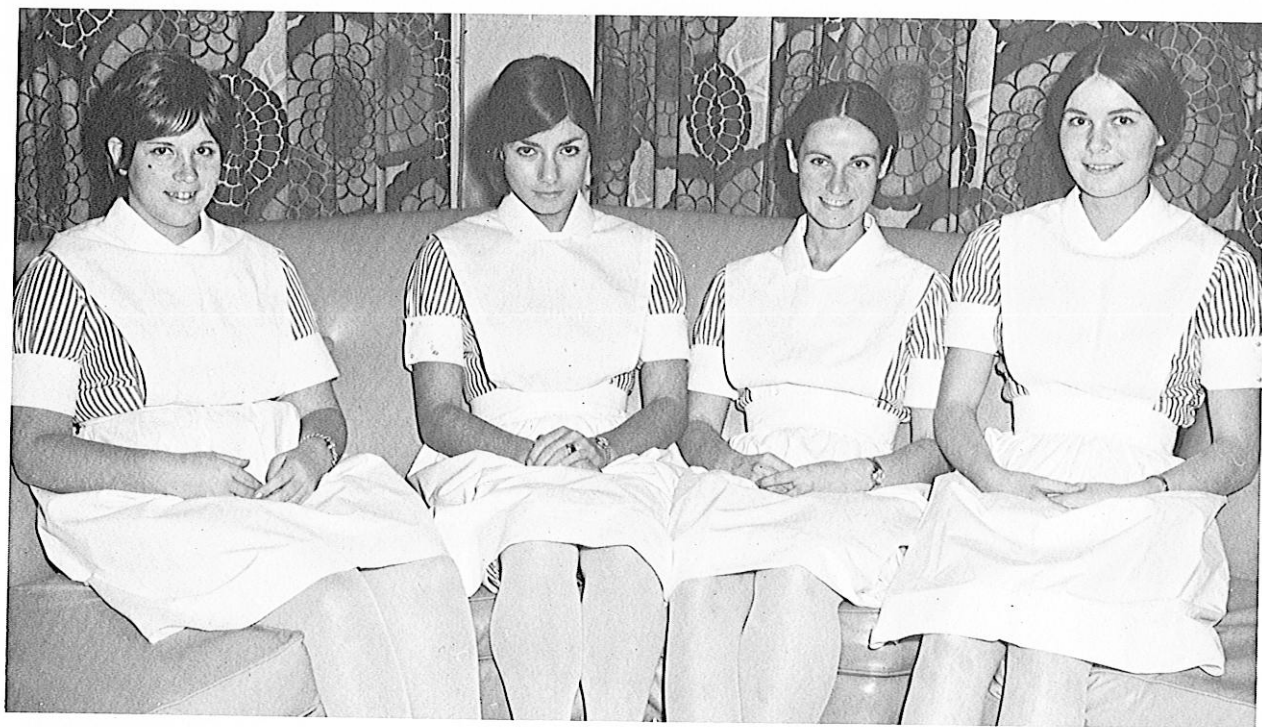
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S e n i o r



OFFICERS: Secretary J. Weaver, President J. Ross, Treasurer C. Van Benschoten, Vice President M. Spano.

F r e s h m a n



OFFICERS: President D. Birrittella, Vice President D. Batilla, Secretary V. Morrison, Treasurer D. Rief.

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S. Voss, P. Sutherland, B. Newman, T. Marino, T. Tacker.

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First row: S. Voss, P. Sutherland, B. Newman, T. Marino, T. Tacker. Second row: J. Ross, D. Birrittella.



First row: S. Voss, E. McKeever, L. Mesnick, P. Kerr, M. Hamilton, T. Tacker. Second row: T. Marino, P. Sutherland, J. Weaver, K. Woulfe, B. Spencer, S. Coons. Absent from picture: C. McCollum and M. Heintz.



First row: L. Mesnick, J. Weaver, M. Spano, P. Sutherland. Second row: R. Distefano, B. Johnson, N. Travaglione.

Fellowship



First row: N. Rowan, J. Guidice, J. Smith, J. Rodgers, M. Eckert. Second row: N. Tierney, D. Donner, B. Coon.



Newman Club

First row: W. Hamlin, B. Sitler, J. Rodgers, L. Webster, F. Rubino. Second row: C. McCollum, K. Woulfe.

COMPLIMENTS FROM

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coons
Mr. and Mrs. Irving Earle
Mr. and Mrs. Luther Emerick
Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Hamilton
Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Harper
Mr. and Mrs. Ward Harrington
Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Heintz
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kerr
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene P. MacDonald
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marino
Mr. and Mrs. William McCollum
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McKeever
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mesnick
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Newman
Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Phillips
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Richards
Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Ross
Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Spano
Major and Mrs. Gerard Spencer
Mrs. Jean Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Starzyk
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sutherland
Mrs. John E. Tacker
Mr. and Mrs. Towner
Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. VanBenschoten
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Voss
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ward
Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Weaver
Mr. and Mrs. James J. Woulfe



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Dear Mom and Dad,

Well, now that it is all over I can look passed my short sighted gripes over tests and lectures and grumpy head nurses to what I have really encountered and obtained in these last two years. But in this letter I am not concerned with what I have obtained myself, but what you have given me that has made all of this possible. It goes farther than that ever needed weekly allowance or even the encouraging words when all seemed black. It goes back to when you taught me how all men were equal and that sympathy and kindness were the God sent healers. Even with all the modern miracles of medicine backing me, I will always remember the warm touch of a knowing hand or even the presence of someone who cares for you as you are and wants for you to live, is the essence of human life.

Thanks is such a common, almost cliché word now. It seems so inadequate for all the love and gratitude I hope to express with it. But as always I know you understand.

Love,

LET ME ASK YOU, NURSE

There's something I want to ask you nurse,
 somethin' I'd like to know.
Are you really glad that you're a nurse?
 Answer me before you go.
There's many things I've wondered about,
 Since I've been in bed—
Like—why can't I get up and play, as my
 brother, Ned?
I've wondered 'bout you too nurse, you
 didn't know I bet.
And some of the things, I ain't figured
 out yet.
Just let me ask you nurse, is it sad
 to see somebody die?
And how do you know what to say, when
 the mom asks you "Why?"
There's so many, many others here, that
 I just don't rightly see
How you always manage a special
 smile for me.
How come you always wear your hat in
 here, but leave it when you go?
My Pa, he widda busted me, if I'd worn
 mine inside, ya know!
But most important I gotta ask, do you
 always dress in white?
But, please, don't ever change that nurse,
 that color seems just right.
You really do keep clean, what, with all
 the things you do.
My Ma, she'd sure be proud, to have a
 kid like you.
Just let me ask you, nurse, where do all those
 pills come from?
And how do you know just when we're all

 s'posed to get some?
How come you don't bring them all at once,
 sure save some time, ya know.
Maybe then we'd have more time to talk
 before ya go.
You always seem to know when I'm
 feelin' at my worse.
Ya know, if I weren't a boy, I'd want to
 be a nurse!
You must be in a hurry, tho' ya never
 'pear to be,
I'm really glad that you've spent this much
 time with me.
I won't ask you no more questions, nurse,
 I'm sorta tired tonight.
My tummy feels real funny, and my
 head just don't feel right.
But before you slip so quietly out, and
 turn the lights down low
Would ya stay in here while I say my
 prayers tonight, before ya go?
And just let me ask you this, nurse,
 before I shut my eyes.
Do you ever get two tears in yours
 a 'fore a person dies?
Your eyes look kinda wet to me, but I
 can't 'magine why,
There ain't no reason in this world
 why you should wanta cry!
Mama keeps on tellin' me I'll soon be
 well, but I know 't isn't true.
But, don't worry nurse, when I get to
 heaven
I'll save a place for you—

Anonymous

THE END OF A NURSE'S DAY

It was seven p.m. and the nurse's work was done for another day.

She breathed a rather tired sigh as she put the charts away.

Then sat for a moment and bowed her head over her desk.

"I wonder," said she to herself "after all, am I really doing my best?"

"Perhaps I could have begun the day with a brighter, cheerier smile,

And answered the lights with a 'right away' instead of 'after awhile.'

And I might have listened with sweeter grace to the story of '40's woes,

She may be suffering more perhaps than anyone else can know.

And I might have spoken a kindlier word to that poor little restless boy

And stopped a minute to help him find the missing part of his toy.

Or perhaps, the patient down in 374 just needed a gentler touch.

There are lots of things I might have done and it wouldn't have taken much.

And I might have refrained from that halfway frown altho' I was busy then,

When the little girl with sad blue eyes kept ringing again and again."

She sighed again and brushed a tear, then whispered bowing low,

"Dear God, how can you accept this day when it has been lacking so?"

And looking down, God heard the sigh and saw the shining tear,

Then sent his angel messenger down to whisper in her ear.

"Maybe you could have done better today but the 'all omnipotent one',

Seeing your faults does not forget the beautiful things you have done.

He knows, little nurse, that you love your work in this house of pain and sorrow,

So gladly forgives the lack of today for you will do better tomorrow."

The nurse looked up with a grateful smile, "Tomorrow I'll make it right."

Then added this note in the order book—"Be good to them all tonight!"



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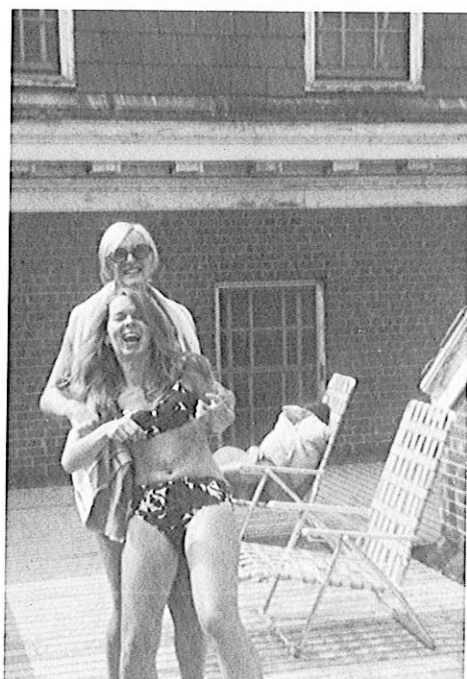
This is your
life Judy Smith.



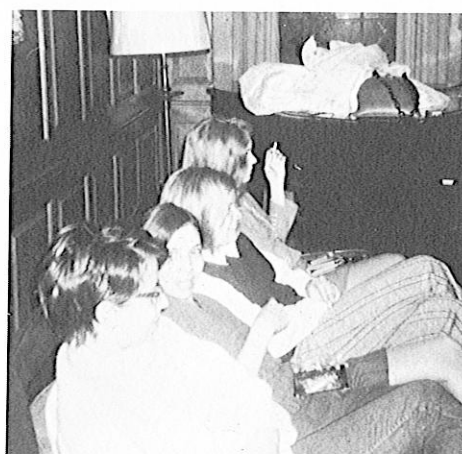
"Oh! Hi Coleen."



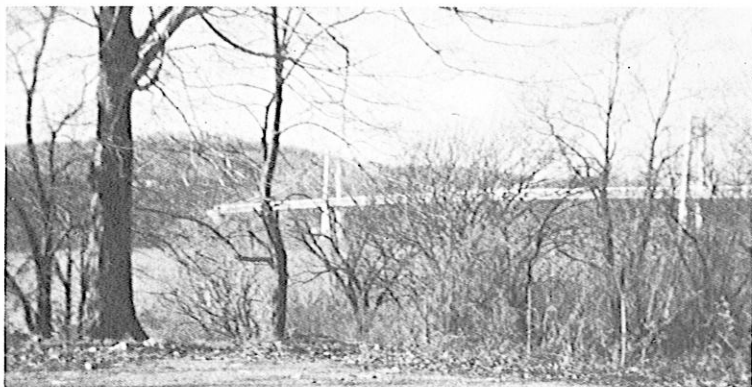
Does she or doesn't she?



Tackle is for
girls too.

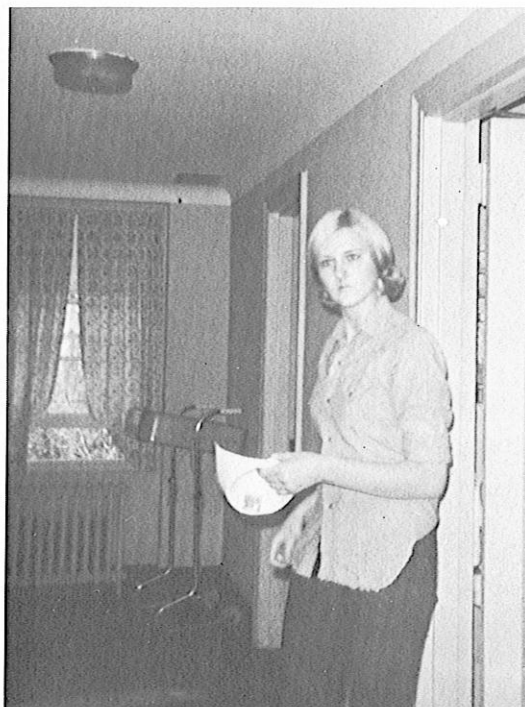


Janet, did you
REALLY
take the soda?



To the "Hole"
not the "Dome."

"That does it!
I'm handing in
my cap!"



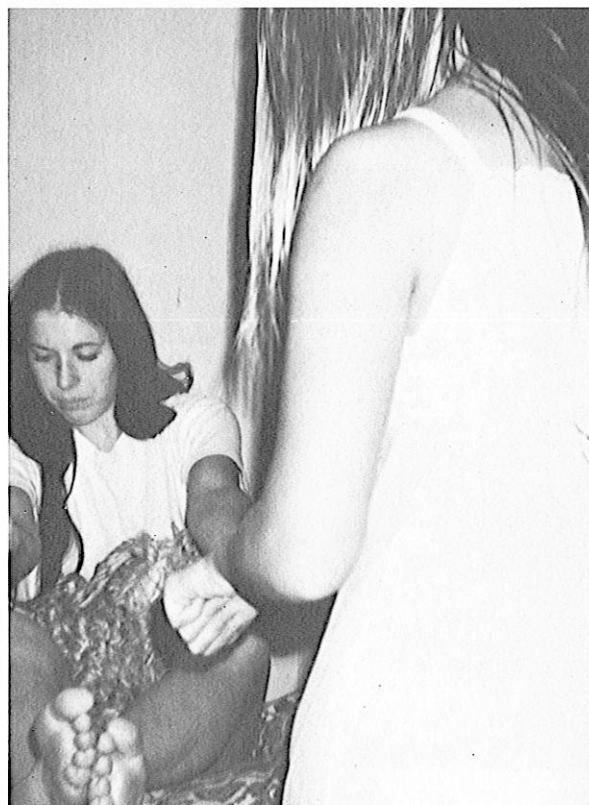
Now no stealing Judy.



See the
dummy.



What's up
feet?



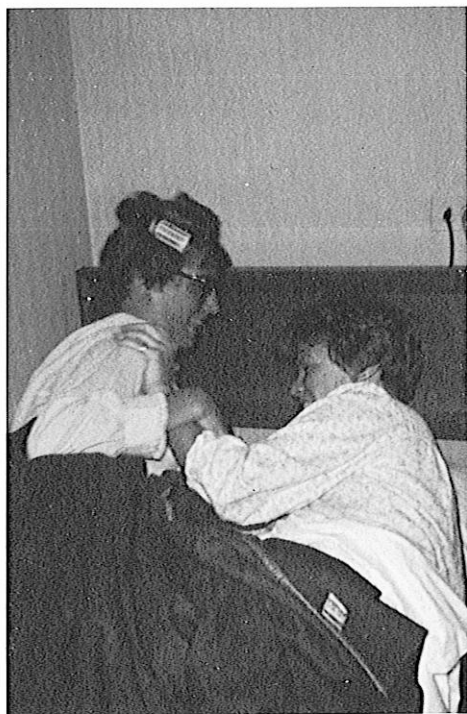
"This little piggy
went to market."



See no evil
only peace.



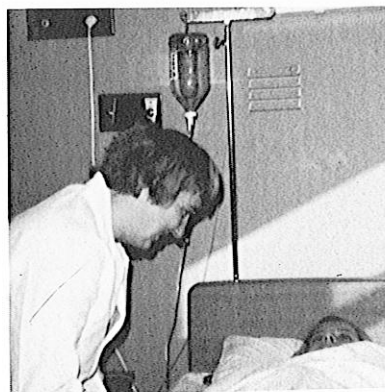
Solitaire is fun.



Sleep double?



"Christmas Cheer"



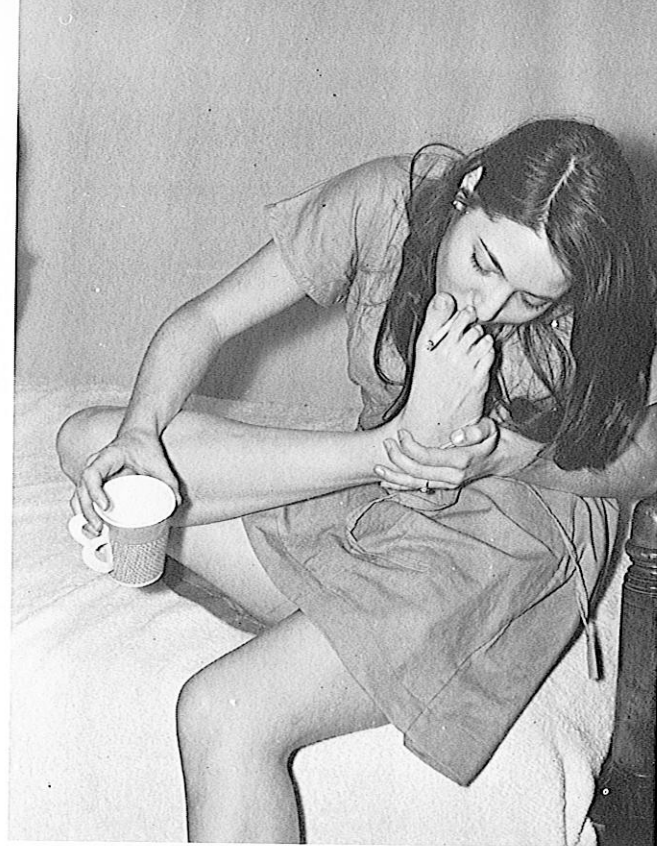
King Tut



Bill & Coleen



Conference Comments



"And they said it
couldn't be done."

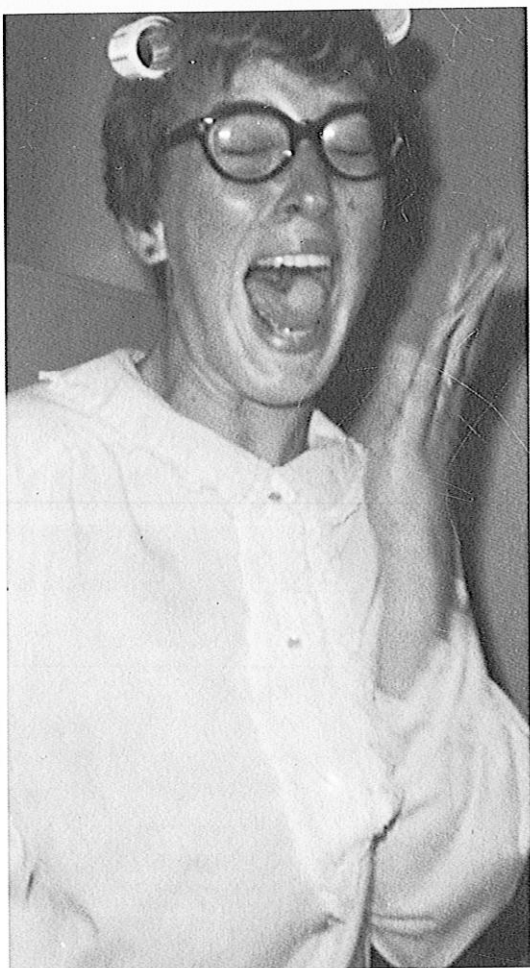
Clean out time.



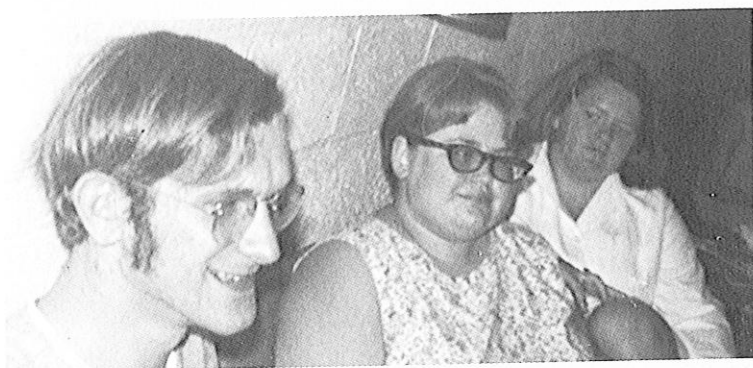
"A man? Where?"



"Bed making
is marvelous."



Open mouth,
insert foot.



Moosey CAN smile.



If it feels good, do it!



We do a lot during study hours.

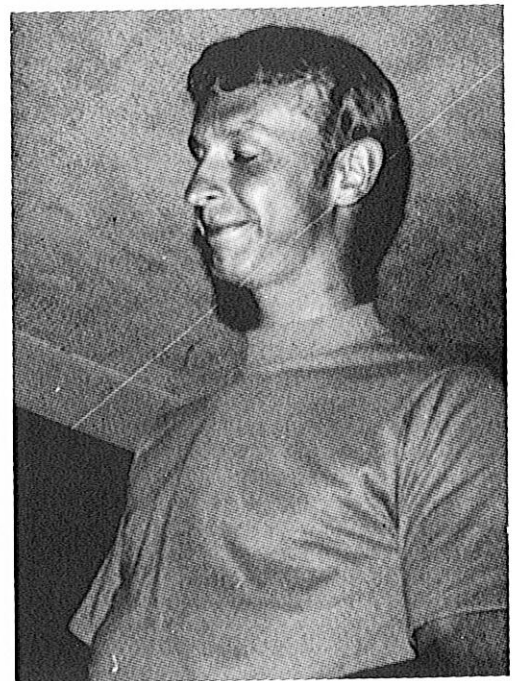


How long can
you hold your
breath, Mary?

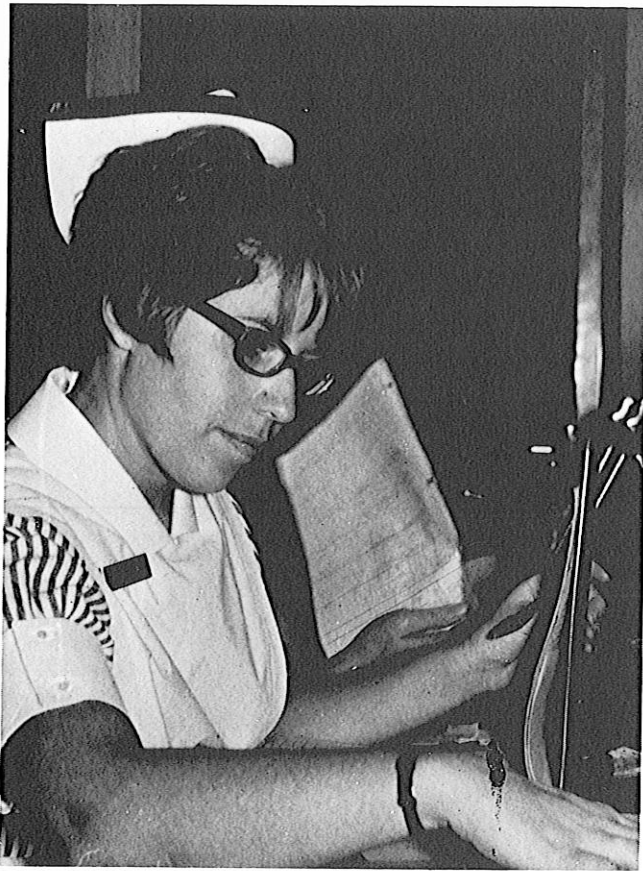
"Do you
really think you
need a permanent?"



Team Nursing



"There's nothing
like a girl
from VBH."



Excedrin headache No. 32.

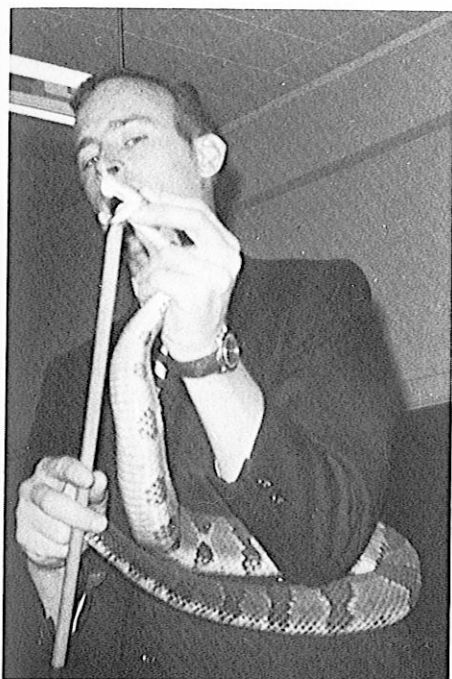
"Remember
how simple life
used to be?"



size 5 pants, sexometer,
musical toothbrush & a 48D



"Gimme a
little kiss."



"I don't have horns,
The reindeer do!"



Weiss exchange=
2 hours of sleep.



"I'm having a ball!"



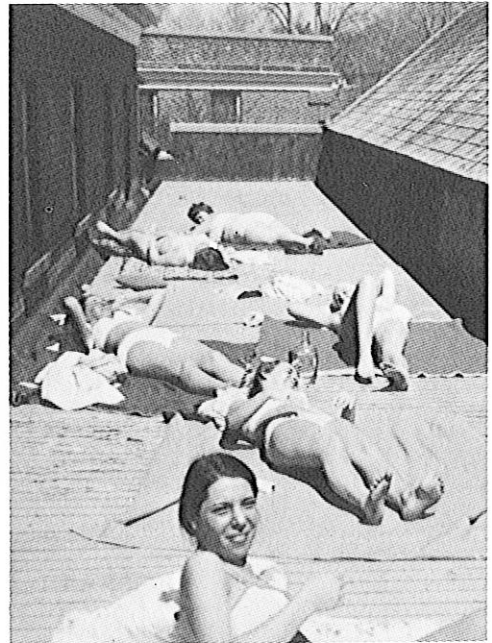
"Is this
a room check?"



"Hey, a new way
to sneak out!"



"What? A moon
on South 3!"



The Hole Gang

Pinpoint
Pupil

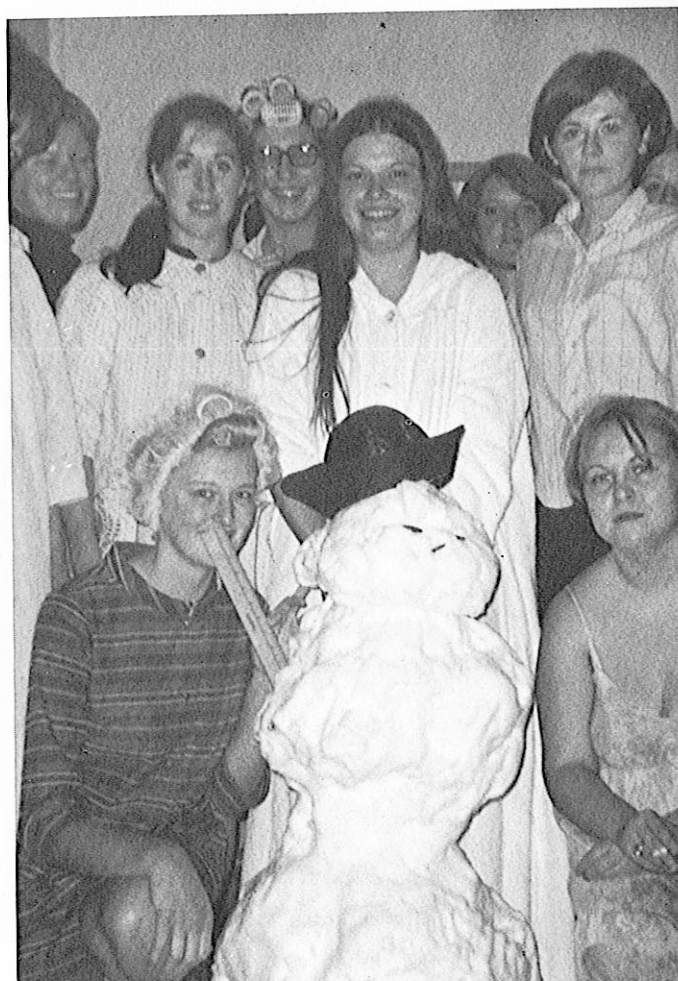


"How did she find
my O.R. gown?"

The face only a
mother could love.



He won't melt—
there's no heat!



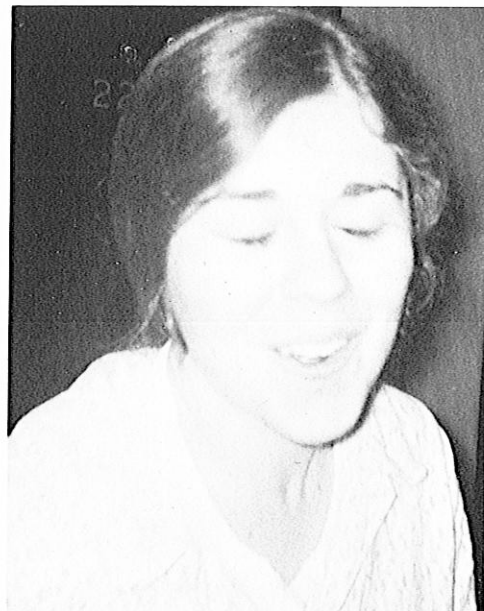


"Oh, you dog!"

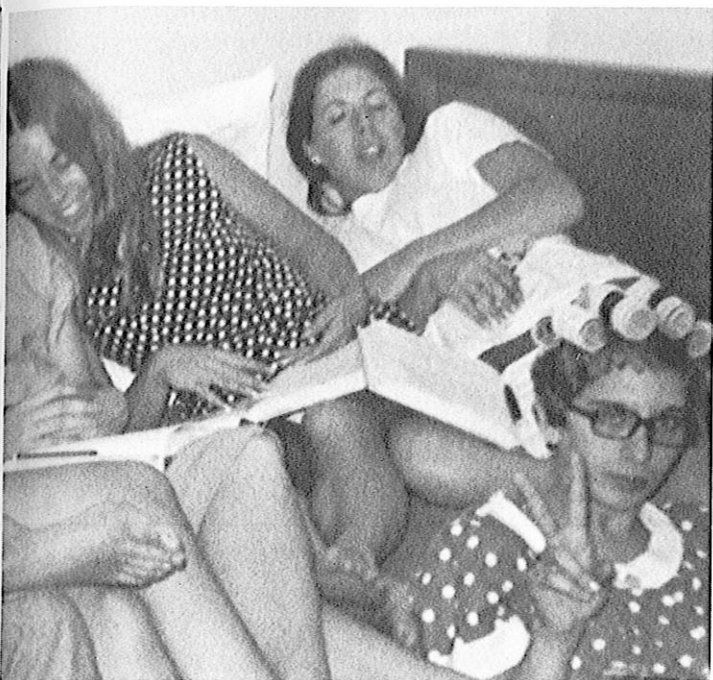
"But Santa,
are you for real?"



Who's rocking the bed?



"Oh, that feels
so-o-o-o good."



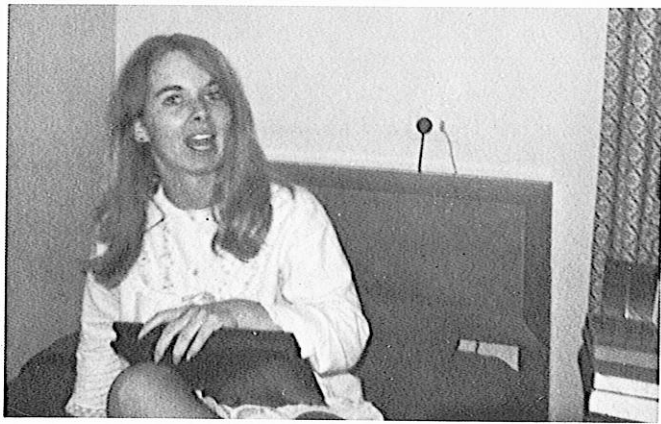
"The supply
is next door."



"Note the time
dear—
it's 1:35 am!"

"And you thought
I couldn't get a man!"

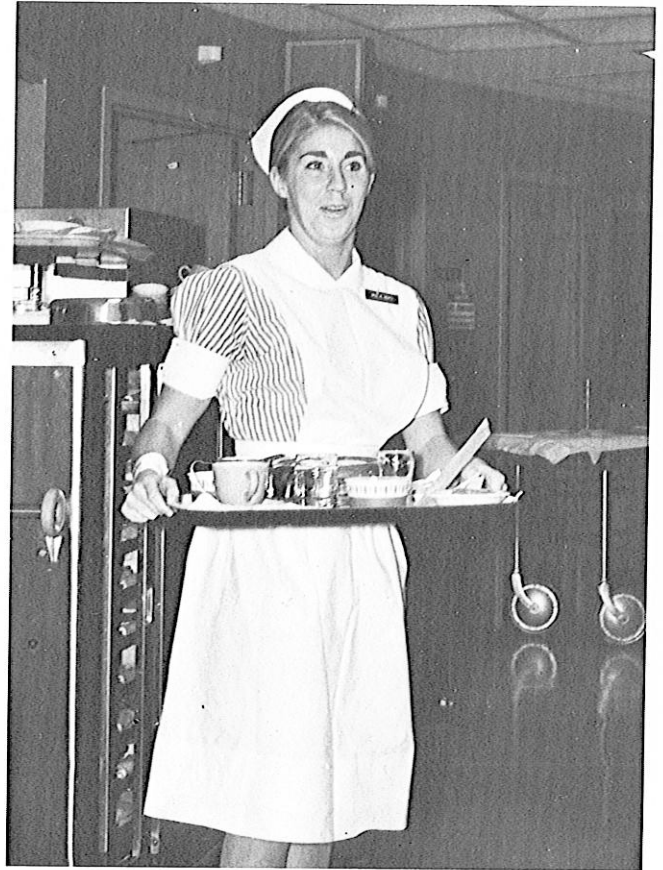




"Most people have little black books . . ."



"I could use a
basket of cheer."

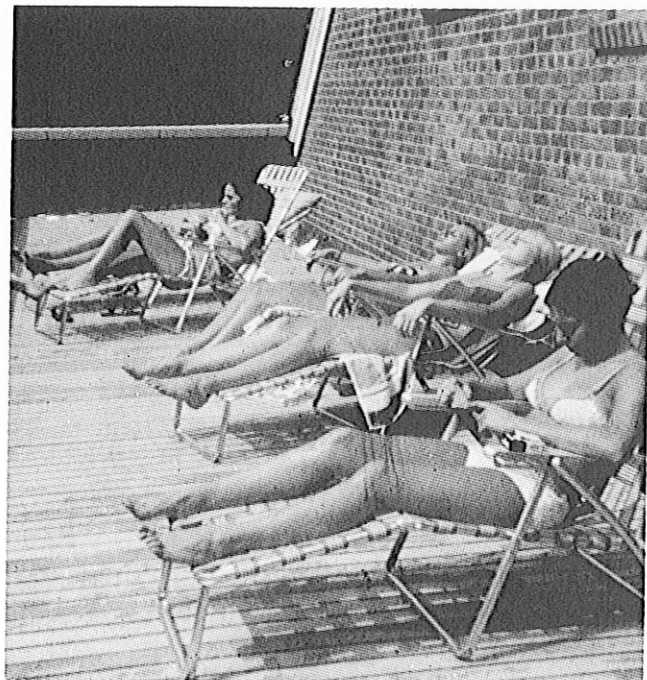
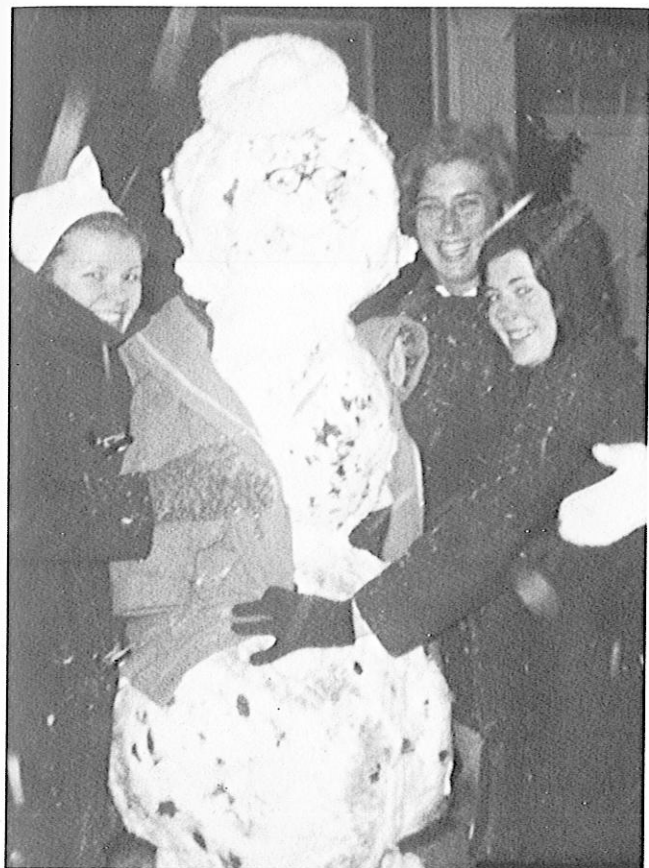


"WAFWOT"



Say the sun did it

Make 'em melt.



And this is how we
study for finals . . .



"Right now
I'd like a weed."



Peace or Piece.



Only 509
more days of this.

So speak.



Beauty and
the beast.

What's up?



"Check the
dummy again?"



"Now, let's be reasonable."



IBM should
see this one!



Head of
the sow line.



Cocktail Hour?



"Fifty more pages and
we'll meet our deadline."



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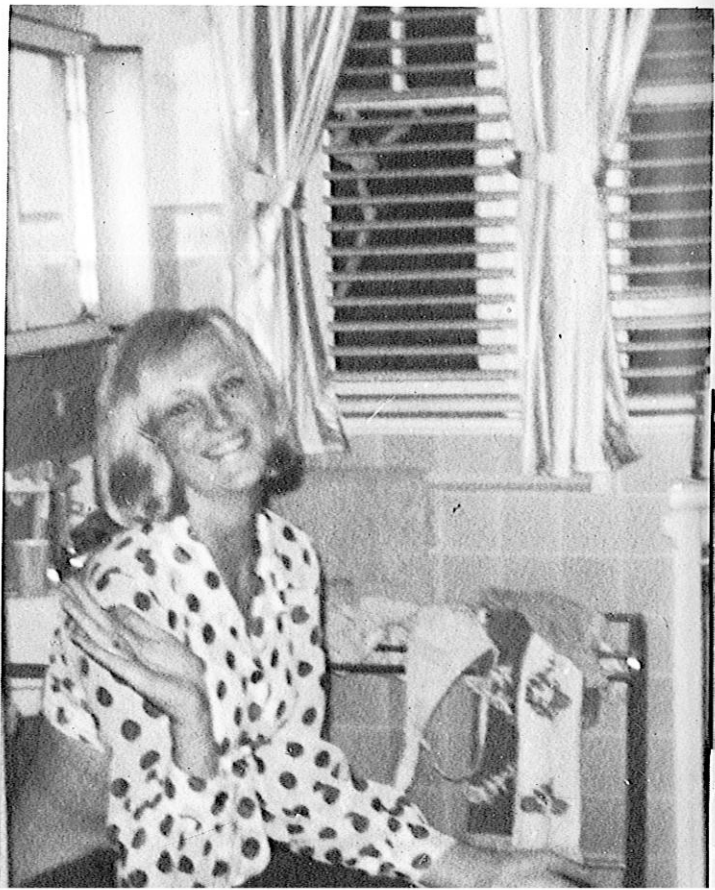
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South End

Home Away From Home

For V.B.H.

Student Nurses



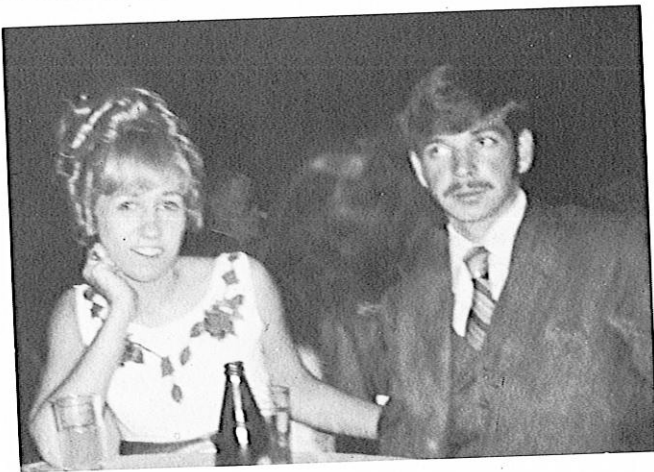
"The renewal of societies and organizations can go forward only if someone cares. Apathy and lowered motivation are the most widely noted characteristics of a civilization on the downward path. Apathetic men accomplish nothing. Men who believe in nothing change nothing for the better. They renew nothing and heal no one, least of all themselves."

excerpt from the introduction to
Self-Renewal by John W. Gardner,
Harper & Row, publishers

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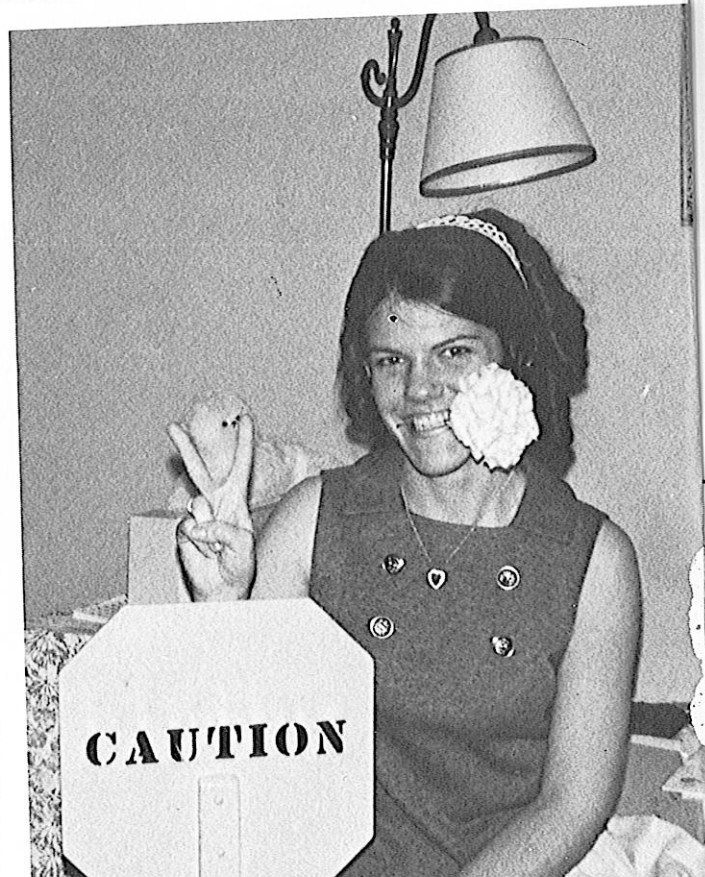
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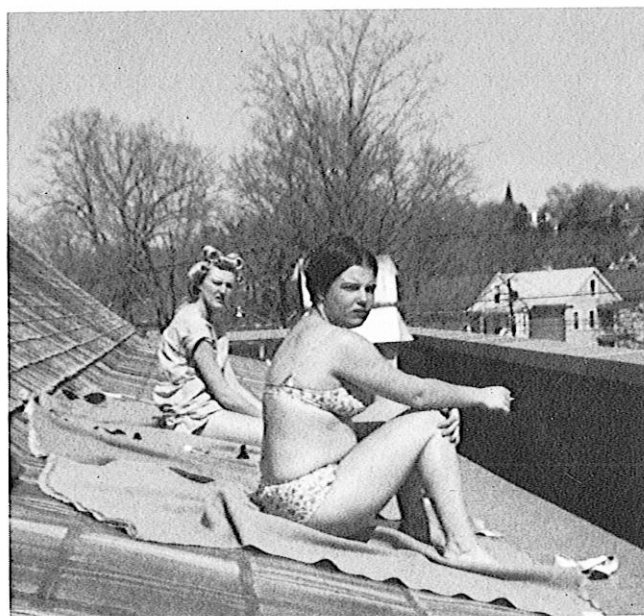




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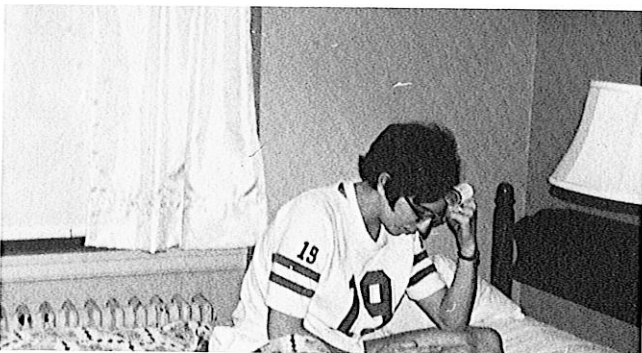
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